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THE
EVER GREEN,
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF

SCOTS POEMS,

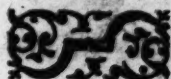
Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

VOL. II.

Quha dar presume thir Poetis to impung,

Quhais Sentence sweist throw ALBION bin sung.

SR. D. LINDSAT,



EDINBURGH:

Printed for ALEXANDER DONALDSON,
at Pope's Head. MDCELXI.



New Year Gift

To Queen *MARY*, when she came first
Hame, 1562.

WELCUM, illustat Lady, and our Queen
Welcum our Lyone with the *Floure-*
de-Lyce;
Welcum our Thistle with the *La-*
rene Grene.

Welcum our Rubent Rose upon the Ryce,

Welcum our Jem and joyfull Gentryce;

Welcum our Beil of *ALBION* to beir;

Welcum our plesand Princes maist of Pryce,

Con give you Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

A New Year Gift

II.

THIS Gude New Zier we hope with Grace of God,
 Shall be of Peace, Tranquillity and Rest ;

THIS Zier shall Richt and Reason rule the Rod,
 Quhilk sae lang Season has bene sair suprest ;

THIS Zier firm Faith shall freily be confest,
 And all cronious Questions put arreir

To labour that this Lyse amang us left.

GOD give zou Grace agains this gude new Zier.

III,

HEIRFORE address thee duely to decore,

And rule thy Regne with hie Magnificence ;

Begin at GOD to gar set forth his Glore,

And of his Gospel get Experience ;

Cause his true Kirk be had in Reverence,

So shall thy Name and Fame spreid far and neir,

Now this thy Det to do with Diligence,

GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zier.

IV.

FOUND on the first four Vertues cardinall.

On Wisdom, Justice, Force and Temperance,

Aplaud to prudent folk, and principall

Of vertuous Lyse, thy Worship to advance :

Wey Justice equal without Discrepance,
Strengthen thy State, with Steadfastness to Reck,
To temper Tyme with true Continuance.
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

V.

CAST thy Confate by Council of the Sage,
And cleave to Chryst has kept thee weil in Cure
Attinget now to twenty Zeirs of Age,
Preservand thee from all Misaventure.

Wald thou be served and thy Countrie sure
Still on the Common-weil haif Eye and Ear,
Pres ay to be protectrix of the Pure,
Sac GOD sall gyde thy Grace this gude new Zeir.

VI.

GAR stanche all Stryfe, and stable thy Estates,
In Constance, Concord, Charity and Love:
Be bissy now to banish all Debates,
That twixt Kirk-men and temporal Men dois move.

The pulling down of Policy reprove,
And let perverfed Prelates live perquier,
To do the best besikand GOD above,
To give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

A New Year Gift.

VII.

AT GROSS gar cry be opin Proclamation,
 Undir grit Pains, that nowther be nor scho
 Of haly Writ have ony Disputation,
 But letterd Men or learned Clerks therto;
 For Lymmer Lads and little Lasses lo,
 Will argue bath with bishop, Preist and Freir:
 To danton this thou has enouch to do,
 God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir,

VIII.

BUT wyte the wickit Pastors wald not mend
 Their vicious, Living all the Warld prescrive
 They tuke nae tent their Traik sould turn till end,
 They were sae proud of their Prerogatyves,
 For wantones they wald not marrie Wyves,
 Nor zit live chaste but chop and change their Cheir;
 Now to reform their lecherous leud Lyves,
 God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IX.

THEY brocht thair Bastards with thee Skruf they skraip
 To blande their Blude with Barons by Ambition,
 They purchest pithless Pardons frae the Paip,
 To cause fond Fulls confyde he hes fruitioun,

To Queen MARY.

As GOD to give for sins a full Remission
And Sauls to saif from suffering Sorrow seir :

To set asyde sic Sort of Superstition,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir

X.

THEY Benifice and Pention tint that marriet;

On Frydays quha eit Flesh was fyr-fangt;

It made nae miss quhat Maydens they miscarriet,

On Fastling Days they were not brunt or hangt.

Licence for Lechry frae thir Lord belangt,

To give Indulgence as the Deil did seir,

To mend that Menzie has sae mony mangt,

GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir

XI.

THEY lute the Leiges pray to Stocks and Stanes,

And paintit Papers, wats nocht quhat they mein :

They bad them beck and bingie to deid Mens Banes,

Offer on Kneis to kiss syne saif their Kin,

Pilgrims and Palmers past with them between,

Sanct *Blais*, Sanct *Bair*, blate Bodies Ene to bleir,

Now to forbid this grit Abuse hes bene,

GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

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A New Year Gift.

XII.

THEY tyart GOD with Trifles tume and Trantals,
 And deivd him with their dast and daylie Dargeis,
 With owklic Abits to augment their Rentals,
 Mantand, Mort, Mumbeling, mixt with mony Lies,
 Sic Sanctitude was Sathan's Sorceries,
 Chrysts silly Sheip and sobir Flock to smcir,
 To ceise all findrie Sects of Heresies,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this Good new Zeir.

XIII.

WITH Meis and Mattins nae ways will I mell,
 To judge them justly passes my Ingynce,
 They gyde not ill that governs weil themsell,
 And honestly on Lawtie lays their Lync,
 Doubts to discus, for Doctore are Divyne,
 Cunning in Clergy to declair them cleir:
 To order this the Office now is thyne,
 GOD give the Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIV.

As Beis tak Wax and Honey of the Floure,
 So does the Faithful of GOD's Word tak Fruit;
 As Wasps receive frae aff the same but sour,
 Sac Reprobates the Scripture dois rebute.

to Queen *MARY.*

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Words without Works availeth not a Cote,
To seis thy Subjects sae in Love and Feir,
That Richt and Reason in thy Realm my rute,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XV.

THE Epistles and Evangells now are Preicht.
Bot Sophestrie or Ceremonys vain;
Thy People, maist Part, truly now are teicht
To put away Idolatrie prophane,
But in sum Hearts is graven new again,
An Image callit cursd Covetice of Geir,
Now to expell that Idol stands up plain,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

FOR Sum are sene at Sermons sum sa haly,
Sing and Sanct *David's* Psalter on their Buiks
And are but Bibliists fairling full their Belly.
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,
Ruggand and reivand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;
Lyke very Wasps against God's Word mak Weir;
Now sic Christians to kifs with Chanters Kuiks
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVII.

DEWTIE and Detts are driven by Doubleness,
 And Folks are flemit frae zung Faith Professors,
 The greatest ay the greidyar I gess,
 To plant quhere Preists and Parsons were Possessors
 Teinds are uptane by Testament Transgressors,
 Credence is past of Promise thocht they sweir,
 To punish Palmers, and reproach Oppressors,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVIII.

PUIR Folk are famist with their Fashions new,
 They sail for Salt that had before at fourh,
 Leil Labourers lament and Tennants trew,
 That they ar hurt and herriet North and South:
 The Heidsmen have *Cor mundum* in their Mouth-
 But nevir mynd to give the Man his Meir,
 To quench thir quent Calamities so cowth,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir,

XIX.

PROTESTANDS tak the Friers auld Antetewme,
 Ready Refavers, but to render nocht,
 So Lairds uplift Mens Leiving, ower thy Rewme,
 And are richt crabit quhen they crave them ocht

Be they unpaid, thy Pursevants are socht,
To pund pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,
To vissy all thir wrangous Warks are wrocht,
GOD give thee Grace agains this ged new Zeir.

XX.

PAUL bids nane deal with Thing Idolatheit,
Nor quhair Hypocrasie hes bene committit;
But Kirk-mens cursed Substance aft seims sweit,
Till Land-men that with lend Bird Lyme are lyttit.
Gif thou persave sum Senziour it has smittit,
Solist them fastly not to perseveir;
Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hieness wit it,
But graciously forgive them this new Zeir.

XXI.

FORGIVENESS grant with Gladeness and Gude will.
Gratis to all into your Parliament,
Synce stablish Statutes, stedfast to stand still,
That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,
Thy Nobles, Earls and Lords in consequent,
Treit tender to obtain their Hearts inteir,
That they may serve, and be obedient
Unto thy Grace this new and mony a Zeir.

A New Year Gift.

XXII.

SEN ſee thou ſits in Seat ſuperlative,
 Cauſe every State to their Vocation go,
 Scholaſtic Men the Scriptures to diſcryve,
 And Majeſtrates to uſe their Sword alſo,
 Merchands to trade and traffick to and fro,
 Mechanicks Work, Huſbands to ſow and ſheir,
 So ſhall be Wealth and Weillfare without Woe,
 Be Grace of God againſt this gude new Zeir.

XXIII.

LET all thy Realme be now in Readyness,
 With coſtly cleathing to decore thy Corſe,
 Zung Gentlemen for dauncing them addreſs,
 With courtlie Ladys coupled in Conſorſe,
 Frak ſeirce Gallands the Field Games to enforſe,
 Enarmed Knychts at Liſts with Shield and Speir,
 To ſeicht in Barrows baith on Fute and horſe,
 Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXIV.

THIS Zeir sall be Embassies heir belyve,
 For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and Kings,
 This Zeir within this Region fall aryse
 Rowts of the Rankest that in Europe rings;
 This Zeir bairn Blythness and Aboundance brings,
 Navies of Schips outhrow the Sea to Incir,
 With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,
 Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zier.

XXV.

GIF Saws be fute to schaw thy Cellstode,
 Quidat Bairn sould brake all *Brittain* be the Sic,
 The Prophecie expressly dois conclude,
 The *French* Wyfe of the BAUCKIS Blude sould be,
 Thou art the Lyne frae him the Nynth Degree,
 And was King *Francis* Partie maik and Peir.
 Sac by Descent the same sould spring of thee,
 By Grace of GOD agane this gude new Zeir.

Gif Saws be fute. By this Verse it appears that the Prophecy of JAMES the VI. succeeding to the Crown of England, and being the first King of Great Britain, was not as some would alledge, made after his Accession; this Poem being wrote in 1562, some Years before his Birth.

XXVI.

Now to conclude, on Chryst cast thy comfort,
 And cherish them that thou has under Charge,
 Suppose maist sure he fall send thee support,
 And len the lasty Liberos be large,
 Believe that Lord can Harbary so thy Bainge,
 To mak braid *Britain* blyth as Bird on Brier,
 And thee extol with his triumphand Targe,
 Victoriously again this gude new Zeir.

L' Envoy.

XXVII.

PRUDENT, maist gent, tak tent, and prent the Words,
 Intill this Bill, with Will, them still, to fact,
 Quhilk ar, not skar, to bar, on far, frae Baurds,
 But seal, bot seal, may heal, avael thy Grace,
 Sen lo, thou show, this to, now do, has Place,
 Receive and saif, and haif, ingrave it heir,
 This now, for Prow, that you, sweet Dow, may brace
 Lang Space, with Grace, solace and Peace this Zeire

L E C T O R I

XXVIII.

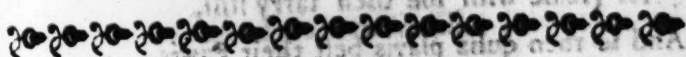
FRESCH, fulgent, flurist, fragrant, Flower, formose
 Lantern to Lave, of Ladys Lamp and Lot,
 Cherry, maist chaff, cheif Carbuncle and Choise,
 Sweet smyling Sovraign shining bot a Spot,

to his Heart.

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Blest, beautiful, benygn, and best begot,
To this Indyte please to inclyn thine Eir,
Sent by thy simple Servant *Sanders Scot*,
Greiting great GOD to grant thy Grace gude Zeir

Quod ALEXR. SCOT.



To his HEART.

I.

RETURN Hamewart my Heart again,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
Thou art a Fule to suffer pain,
For Luv of her that luvcs not thee;
My Heart let be sic Fantesic,
Luv nane but quhair thou has gud Cause,
An let her seik a Heart for thee,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho saws,

The Chronology of the Poems contained in this and the former Volume, is not to be expected, some of older Date, having come to Hand after others, some hundred Years later have been printed besides most of them having no Dates; the endeavouring to place them according to the Order of Time they were wrote in, and Incidents to which they related, was judged as usefess as it would have proven difficult.

II.

To quhat Effect sould thou be thrall,
 But thank sen thou has thy free Will;
 My Heart be nocht sae bestial,
 But know quha dois thee Gude or Ill;
 At Hame with me then tarry still,
 And se then quha playis best their Pawis,
 And let the Fillock sling her fill,
 For Feynd a Crum of thee scho saws.

III.

THOCHT scho be fair I will not senzie,
 Scho is the Kynd with utheris mae;
 For quhy thair is a Fellon Menzie,
 That seimeth gude and are not sae:
 My Heart tak nowther Pain nor Wae
 For Meg, for Marjary or Mawis.

But be thou glad, and let her gae,
 For Feynd a Crum of thee scho saws.

IV.

REMEMBER how that Medea
 Wyld for a Sicht of Jason zeid,
 Remember how that Cressida,
 Left Troilus for Diomed.

To his Heart

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Remember *Helen*, as we reid,
Brocht *Troy* from blifs unto hate Wawe,
Then let her gae quhair scho may speid,
For Feynd a crumb of thee scho saws.

V.

BECAUSE I find scho tuke in ill,
At hir departing mak nae Care ;
But all beguyld, go quhair scho will,
A schrew the Heart that mane makes mair ;
My Heart be mirry late and air,
This is the final End and Clawse,
And let her feid and fulzie fair,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho saws.

VI.

NEIR dunt again within my Breist,
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage spill,
Nor gie a Sob abeit scho sniest,
Schois fairest payd, that gets her Will ;
Scho gecks as gif I meind her ill,
Quhen scho glaiks psuchty in hir Braws,
Now let hir snirt, and syk her fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho saws.

B

Quod ALEXR. SCOT.



A Bush of WOUNG.

I.

IN secret Place this hinder Night,
 I heard a Bairn say till a Bricht,
 My Hinny, my Howp, my Heart, my Heil,
 I haif been lang zour Luivar Leil,
 And can of zou get Comfort nane,
 How lang will ze with Danger deil?
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

II.

Hi's bony Baird was kemd and cropit,
 But all with Kail it was bedropit,
 Comich he was fulish and goukit,
 He clapit fast, he kist, he chukit,
 As with the Glaicks he were oergane,
 Zit be his Feirs he wald have——
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

A Brass of Wouing.

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III.

Quod he, my Heart, sweet as the Hinnny,
Sen that I born was of my Minny,
I nevir wouit an uther but zou,
My Wame is of your Luve fac fou
That as a Ghaist I glowr and grane,
I trymlę fac ze wadna trow.
Ze brck my Heart, my bony ane.

IV.

THERI, quod scho, and gae a Cawf,
Be still my Cowfyne and my Cawf,
My new spaind Howphyn frac the Souk,
And all the Blythnefs of my Bouk,
My swanky sweet, saif thee alane,
Nae Leid have I luid all this Owk,
Fow leis me on that graceles gane.

V.

Quod he my Claver, my Curledody,
My Hinnysopps, my sweet Possody,
Be not owre bowftrous to your Billy,
Be warm hertit, not illwilly;

Zour Hals as whyt as Qyhalis Banc,
 Gars rise on Loft my Quilly-lillie,
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony anc.

VI.

Quod scho, my Clip, my unspaynd Lam,
 With Mithers Milk zit in your Gam,
 My Belly Hudrom, my Hurle Bawfy,
 My Honneyguks, my Siller Tawfy,
 Zour Pleins wad pers a Heart of Stane ;
 Tak Comfort, my great headed Gawfy,
 Fou leis me on zour graceless gane.

VII.

Quod he my Kid, my Capercalzeane,
 My bony Bab with the mch Brilzeane,
 My tender Girdil, my Wally Gowdy,
 My Tirly Mirly, my Sowdy Mowdy,
 Quhen that our Mouths do meit at anc,
 My Stang dois cork in with your Towdy,
 Ze brek my Heart my bony anc.

A Brash of Wouing,

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VIII.

Quod scho then tak me be the Hand,
Welcom my Golk of *Maryland*,
My Chirry and my maiklefs Mynzion,
My Sucker sweet as ony Unzeon,
My Strummil Stirk zit new to spane,
I am applyd to your Opinzion,

Fou leis me on that graceles gane,

IX.

He gaif till hir ane Aple ruby,
Gramerce, quod scho, my kind Cowhubby,
Synce thay twa till a Play began,
Quhilk that they call the Dirrydan.

Quhile baith their fancies mate in ane,
O vow! quoth she quhair will ye Man,
Leil leis me on that graceles gane.

B. 3

Quod Clerk.





THE GOLDIN TERGE.

I.

R ICHT as the stern of Day began to (chyne,
 Quhen gone to Bed was *Vesper* and *Lucyne*,
 I raise, and by a Roscir did me rest;
 Upsprang the goldin Candill maculyne,
 With cleir depurit Beims Christalyne,
 Glading the mirry Fowlis in thair nest,
 Or *Phæbus* was in purple kaip revest;
 Up sprang the Lark the Hevenis Minstral syne,
 In *May* intill a Morrow Mirthfullest.

The finding this Poem amongst the old Manuscripts, gives a great Pleasure, it being particularly quotted by Sir *David Lindsay* in his Prologue to the Complaint of the *Papings*, where he mentions many of the old Poets. In Commendation of Mr. *Dunbar*, he says,

*Or of Dunbar quha Language had at large,
 As may be sene into his Golden Terge*

II.

FULL Angelyk thir Birdis sang thair Hours,
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with Blumys sweet,
Enamalit was the Feild with all collours,
The Perlit Dropis schuke in silver Schours,
Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Pliet
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir cristal Teirs I saw hing on the Flours,
Quhilk he for Lufe drank all up with his Heit.

III.

FOR Mirth of *May*, with Skippis and with Hopps,
The Birds sang upon the tendir Cropps,
With Curious Nottis as *Venus* Chapell Clerks ;
The Rosses reid, now spreiding aff thair Knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,
With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby sparks,
The Skyis rang with Scouting of the Larks,
The Purple Hevin owre skailt in Silver Slopps,
Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Levis and Barks.

IV.

DOWN throwch the Ryfs an River ran quheis Streims
So fuffely upon the lykand Leins,

That all the Laik as Lamp did laim of Licht,
Quhilk schadowit all about with twynkland Gleims,
The Bewis bathit were in fecond Beims,

Throw the Reflex of *Phabus* Village bricht,
On every Syde the Ege raife on hicht:

The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beims,
The Streimers cleir as Sternis in froffy Nicht.

V.

THE Criftal Air the Saphier Firmament,
The Ruby skyes of the reid Orient,

Kest Berial Gleims on emerant Bewis grent,
The Rosy Garth depaynt and redolent,
With Purpore, Afure, Gold and Gowlie gent,
Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,

Sae nobillie that joy was for to kent,
The Roche aganst the River reſplendant,
As low illuminate the Lewis ſcene.

VI.

QUHAT throw the mitry fowls last harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers sound that ran me by,
On *Floras* Weid I slepit quhair I lay,
Quhair sune into my dreimand Fantasy,
I saw approche agane the Orient Sky,
Ane Schip on sail as blosome on the Spray,
With mast of Gold bricht as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full lustely,
With swiftest Motion throu a Chrystal Bay.

VII.

AND hard on Burd onto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Rispics and the Reids,
Aryvit scho qbheir frae anon thair lands,
Ane hundreth Ladies lustie intill Weids,
Als fresh as Flours that in the *May* upspreids,
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair shynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand
In Tressis cleir wyvit with goldin Threids,
With Pawps quhyr, and Middills small as Wands,

VIII.

DISCRYVE I wald bot quha culd weil indyte,
 How all the Flours with all the Lillis quhyt,
 Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit,
 Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
 For all thy ornat Style the maist perfyte
 Nor zet thou *Tallus*, quhais Oratiouns sweit,
 In Rethorick did intill Terms fleit,
 Zour aureat Tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
 For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

IX.

There saw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus* Quene,
Aurora fresh, and Lady *Flora* scene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Prosperpina*,
Diana the Goddessa of Chest and Wods grene,
 My Lady *Clio*, that Help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis se grene and prudent *Minerva*,
 Fair faynt *Fortune*, and lemand *Lucina*,
 Thir mighty Quenis, with Crownis might be scene,
 With Beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

The Goldin Terge.

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X.

THAIR saw I *May* of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
Betwix *April* and *June* her Sisters schene,

Within the Garden walkand up and down,
Quhom of the Fowls resais Gladness bedene,
Scho was full tender in hir Ziers Grene;

Thair saw I Nature give till her a Goun,
Rich to behald, and noble of Renown,
Of ilka hew that undir Hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude Proportiona.

XI.

FULL lustliely thir Ladyis all in Feir,
Entereit into this Park of maist Pleseir.

Quhair that I lay heilit with Levis Rank,
The mirry Birds blisful of Cheir;
Nature salast methocht in thair Maneir,
And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,
Openit and spred thair balmy Levis donk,
Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nurisng they thank.

XII

SYNE to Dame *Flora*, on the samyne Ways,
 They salst and they thank a thousand Syis,
 And to sweet *Venus* self, Luvis bony Quene,
 They sang Ballatis of Love, as was the Gwis,
 With amorous Nottis maist lusty so devyis,
 As that they had Love in thair Heartis grene,
 Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the Splene,
 With Warbills sweet they perst the Hevinly Skye,
 Quhyle loud resound the Firmament serene.

XIII.

ANE uther Court thair saw I subsequent,
Cupid the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
 And dreidful Arrows groundin sharp and squhair,
 Thair saw I *Mars* the God armipotent
 Awful and stern, braid, strong, and corpulent.
 Thair saw I crabit *Saturn* auld and Hair,
 His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air.
 Thair was *Mercurius*, wysc and eloquent
 Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris fac fair.

XIV.

THAIR was the God of Gardens *Pelapus*,
Thair was the God of Wildernes *Phannus*,
And *Janus* God of Entries delectable.
Thair was the God of Oceans *Neptunus*;
Thair was the God of Winds heuld *Eolus*,
With variand Blasts lyke to an Lord unstable,
Thair was blyth *Bacchus* glader of the Table;
Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Inchus*,
In Cloke of Grene, his Court was Clade in Sable.

XV.

AND every one of this in grene arrayt,
An Harp and Lute full mirreyly they playt,
And Ballads sang with mighty Notes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full soberly assyit,
Endlang the trotting River so they mayit;
Thair observance richt hevinly was to heir;
Then crop I throw the Branches and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt suddenly assayit,
All throw a Lake that I half-coft full deir.

XVI.

And shortly for to speik, by Loves fair *Queen*
 I was espyit, scho bad hir Archers kene
 Go me arcist; and they nae Tyme delayit;
 Then Ladies fair lute fall thair Mantils grene,
 With Bowis big, in trassit Hairs schene,
 Richt suddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
 And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit:
 The Party was sae plesand to be sene,
 A Wondir lusty Bikar me assayit.

XVII.

AND first of all with bow in Hand ay bent,
 Came Bewty's *Dame* richt as scho wald me schent,
 Syne followit all her Damofells in Feir
 With mony divers awfull Instrument,
 Into the preiss fair *Having* with hir went,
 Syne *Portratar*, *Pleasance* and lusty *Cheir*,
 Then *Resoun* came with *SCHILD* of *GOLD* sockir
 In Plait of Mail as *Mars* armipotent,
 Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

The Goldin Terge.

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XVIII.

SYNE tendir *Zoush* came with hir Virgins zing,
Grene *Innocence* and *schameful Abasing*,

And quaking *Dreid*, with *Humbyl Obedience*,
The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
Courage in them was nocht begun to spring;

Full sune they dreid to do a Violence:
Sweit *Womanheid* I saw come in Presence,
A Warld of *Artelzie* scho did in bring,
And servit Ladyis full of Reverence.

XIX.

SCHO with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlinefs*,
Continuance, *Pactence*, *gude Fame* and *stetfastness*,

Discretion, *Gentileness*, *Considderans*,
Leful Company, and honest *Businels*,

Benign Luke, *myld Gheir*, and *Sobirness*,
All thir bure *Genzies* to do me *Grivans*;

But *Resoun* bure the TERGE with sic *Constans*,
Thair *scharp Assay* nicht do me no *Deirence*,
For all their *Preis* and awfal *Ordinans*.

XX.

UNTO the Preiss pursuivit *Hie Degrie,*
Hir followit ay *Estait* and *Dignitee,*

Comparifon Honour and *nobill Array,*
Will, Wantoness, Renewn and *Libertie,*
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility;*

Wit ze they did thair Banner bie Display.

A Clud of Planes lyke Hail-schot lowlit they,
And schot till wastit was thair Arralzie,
Synce went abak sebetit of the Prey.

XXI.

QUHEN *Venus* had persavit this Rebute,
Scho bad *Dissembance* gae mak a Pursute
With all her Power to press the *GOLDIN TERES;*
And scho that was of Doubleness the Rute,
Askit hir Choide of Archers in Refute:

Venus the best bad hir to wale at lorge;
Scho take *Presence* plicht Anker of the Berge;
And *Fair Calling* abot weil a Plane can scute,
And *Cherriffing* for to compleit hir Charge,

XXH.

DAME *Hamelinge* she tike in Compaign,
 That hardy was and bynd in Archery,
 And brocht in *Beuste* to the Feild again,
 With all the Chiefe of *Kennel* Chevelly,
 They came and bikkert unbalistly:
 The Showris of Arrows toppit on lyke Rain,
 Perrelus *Presence* that mony a Syre has slain;
 The Battil brocht on Bordour hard me by,
 The Assalt was all the fairer Sath so fast.

XXHI.

THICK was the Schot, of grandis Arrows here,
 But *Resoun* with the *Gourban* Sengle, & fac schene,
 Weirly deffendit quhousir assayis;
 The awfull Schower he manly did sustene,
 Till *Presence* kest Powder in his Ene,
 And then as drunken Man he all forweyt,
 Quhene he wes blind, the Fole with him they playit,
 And bannist him among the Devils Greit;
 That Sicht fac fair me suddently affright.

XXIV.

THEN was I woundit, till the deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull Priloneir,

To Lady *Bewtie*, in a Moments Space,
Methocht scho seimit luster of Cheir,
Aftir that *Ressoun* had tynt his Ene cleir,

Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
Quhy was thou blindir, *Ressoun*? quhy? allace!
And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
And Mercy seim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

DISSIMULANCE was bissy, me to assyle,
And *Fair Calling* did ast upon me smyle,

And *Gherissing* me sed with Words fair,
Acquittance new embrasit me a quhyle,
And favourt me till Men nicht gae a Myle,
Syne tuke hir Lief, I saw her nevir mair;

Then saw I *Denger* toward me repair,
I cowth eschew hir Presence be nae Wyle,
On Syde scho lukit with a fremit Fare.

XXVI.

AND at the last deperting couth hir Dress,
And me deleverit unto *Havyness*
For to remane, and scho in Cure me tuke;
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodness,
God *Eolus* his Bongill blew I gess,
That with the Blast the Aiks in forest schuke,
And suddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, there was but wilderness,
Thair was nae mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke

XXVII.

In twynckling of an Ec to Schip they went,
And swift up Sail unto the Tap they stent,
And with swift Courle ontowre the Flude they Frak;
They tyrit their Guns with Powder violent,
Till that the Reik raise to the Firmament,
The Rochis all resoundit with the Rak,
For Reid it semit that the Rain-brow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upen my Feit I sprent
Amangs the Clewis, sae cairfull was the Crak.

XXVIII.

AND as I did awake of this Swowning,
 The joyfull Minstralls mirthly did sing,
 For Mirth of *Phobus* tendir Beims schene;
 Sweit wer the Vapouris, last the Morrowing,
 Haillum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,
 The Air atemperit, sobir and amene;
 In quhyte and reid was all the Eard besene,
 Throw Natures nobill fresch enamling,
 In mirthfull *May* of every Moneth Quene.

XXIX.

O reverend * *Chawser*, Rose of Rethouris all,
 As in our Tounge the Flowir imperiall,
 That evir raise in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
 Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,
 The fresch enamellit Termes celestiall;
 This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
 Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the Licht?
 Surmounting every Tounge terrestriall,
 As far as *Mayis* fair Morning dois Midnight.

* This *Progyrick* on *Chawser*, as 'tis perfectly generous and handsome from a *Scots* Poet, it likewise shews that the Lowland *Scots* Language and the *Englis* at that Time were the same,

The Goldin Terge.

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XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
Zour suggart Tounge and Lipps aureat
Bene till our Eirs Cause of grit Delyte;
Zour Mouths angelick, maist mellifuat,
Our rude Language has cleir illumynat,
And has owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte
Stude, or zour goldin Pens did schupe to wryt,
This Yle befoir was bair and disolate
Of Rethorick, or lussy fair indyte,

XXXI.

THOU litle Quair be evir obedient,
Humbyl subject, and semple of Intent,
Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,
I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has speat,
Of hir maist lystie Rosos redolent
Is nane into thy Garland set on Nicht;
O Shame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht;
Rude is thy Weid, bare, destitute and rent,
Weil aucht thou be assit of the Licht.

C 3

Quod DUNBAR.



Lorges, lorges, lorges ay,

Lorges of this new Zeirs Day.

I.

FIRST Lorges of the King my Chief,
 Quhilk came as quitely as ane Thief,
 And in my Hand slaid Schillings twae,
 To put his Lergnes to the Preif,
 For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

II.

SYNE Lorges of my Lord Chancelar,
 Quhen I to him ane Ballat bare,
 He sonziet not, nor said me pay,
 But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,
 For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

III.

Of Gallaway the Bischop new,
 Forth of my Hand ane ballat drew,
 And me delivert bot Delay,
 A fair Hacknay bot Hyd or Hew,
 For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

IV.

AND syne of *Grace* the Abbot zing,

I did to him ane ballat bring ;

But or I past a Piece him frae,

I gat nae less than Deil a thing,

For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

V.

THE Secretar baith war and wyse,

Hecht me a Cast of his office ;

And for to reid my Bill alsway,

He said for him that might suffice,

For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

VI.

THE Treasurer and Comptrollair,

They bad me cum I wait not quhair,

And they wald gar, I wait not quhae,

Gife me, I wait not quhat, full fair,

For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

VII.

Now *Lorges* of my Lordis all

Baith temporall State and spirituall,

My self sall evir sing and say,

I haif them fund sae liberall

Of *Lerges* on this new Zeir Day.

VIII.

Foul fa this frost that is sae snell,
 It hes the Wyt, the Trewth to tell,
 Baith Hands and Puris it binds up sae,
 They may gif naithing bye themsell,
 For *Larges* of this new Zeir Day.

IX.

Now *Larges* of my Land *Beaumont*,
 The quhilk in *Freedom* did excell;
 He gaif to me a *Carleour* gras
 Worth all this *Sert*, that I with *Mall*,
 For *Larges* of this new Zeir Day.

X.

GRIT GOD releif *Margaret* our *Queene*,
 For gif scho wer as scho has bene,
 Scho wald be *larger* of *Lufay*,
 Than all the laif that I of mene,
 For *Larges* of this new Zeir Day,

Quad STEWART.





DUMBARS DREGY;

Made to K. JAMES V. being in Stirling.

WE that are heir in Heavens Glory,
To you that are in Purgatory,

Commends us on your hearty Ways,

I mean we Folk in Paradyce,

In Edinburg with all Mirryness,

To you in Stirling in Distress,

Qubair nowther Pleasance nor Delyt is,

Thus pitying ane apostle wrytes

O ze Hermits and Hankerfaddis,

That tak your Penance at your Tables,

And eit nae Meit restorative,

Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,

But Ale that is haith thin and small,

With but few Courses in your Hall,

Bot Company of Lords or Knychts,
 Or ony uther guidly Wichts,
 Solitar walkand zour alane,
 Seing naething but Stock or Stane
 Out of zour painful Purgatory,
 To bring you to the Bless of Glory:
 Of *Edinburgh* the mirry Toun
 We sall begin a carefull Sonn,
 Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,
 The blest abune we sall beteik
 Zou to delyvir out of zour Noy,
 And bring zou sune to *Edinburghs* Joy,
 Thair to be mirry amang zour Freins,
 And sae the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

THE * * *

The mirthful *Mary*, Virgin chaste,
 Of Angels all the Orders nyne,
 And all the heavenly Court divyne,
 Sune bring ze frae the Pyne and Wae,
 Of *Stiroling*, ilka Cougt mans Fae,

Again to *Edinbrugh* Joy and Bliss,
 Quhair Worschip, Wealth and Wellfare is
 Play, Pleasance, and eik Honesty,
 Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Responsio, tu autem Domine.

Tak Consolation in your Pain;
 In Tribulation, tak Consolation,
 Out of Vexation cum hame again,
 Tak Consolation in your Pain;

Fube Dom. benedicite.

Out of Distress of *Stirling* Toun
 To *Edinbrugh* bless God mak ze boun.

LECTIO II.

PATRIARCHS, Prophets and Apostles deir,
 Virgins, Confessouris, Martyris cleir,
 And all the Seat celestiall,
 Devoutely we upon them call,
 That fume out of your Pains sell,
 Ze may in Heavin heir with us dwell,

To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,
 And Every Fische that swymys in River,
 To drink with us the new fresch Wyne
 That grew upon the River Ryne,
 Fresch fragrant Clarits out of France,
 Of Angiers and of Orliance,
 With mony Comforts of greit Dainty,
 Say ze Amen, for Charity.

Responsum, tu autem Dom.

God and Sanct Jeil heir zou convoy
 Baith sune and weil, God and Sanct Jeil,
 To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,
 God and Sanct Jeil heir zou convoy.
 Out of Stirling's Pains fell,
 In Edinburgh Joy sune mot ze dwell.

LECTIO III.

We pray to all the Saints in Heaven,
 That ar abune the Starns seven,
 Zou to bring out of zour Pennance,
 That ze may sune sing, play and daunce

In *Edinburg* heir and mak gude Cheir,
 Quher Wealth and Weillfare is bot Weir;
 And I that do zour Pains discryve,
 Intend to vissy zou belyve,
 In Desart not with zou to dwell,
 But as the Angel Saint *Grabriel*
 Dois go betwein frae Heavens Glory,
 To them that ar in Purgatory,
 Sum Consolation them to give,
 Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
 And schaw them, quhen thair Pains ar past,
 They sall cum up to Heaven at last;
 How nane deserves to haif Sweitness,
 That nevir tastit Bitterness;
 And therfor hou suld ze consider
 Of *Edinburgs* Bless, quhen zou cum hidder:
 But gif ze tastit had befor
 Of *Stirling* Toun, the Pains soir,
 And therefore tak in Patience
 Zour Pennance and zour Abstinence,
 And ze sall cum er *Zak* begin
 Into the Bless that we ar in;

Quhilk grant we pray to all on-Hy,

Say ze Amen, for Charity.

Respons. tu autem Dom.

Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirling*,

Frac hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,

Quhair Fisch to sell are nane but *Spirrling*,

Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirling*,

ET ne nos inducas in temptationem de Stirling.

Sed libera nos à mallo illius.

Regiam Edinburgi dona iis, Domine,

Et lux ipsius luceat iis;

A porta tristitia de Stirling.

Orna, Domine, animas eorum:

Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,

In villa Vinentium,

Requiescant Edinburgi. Amen.

DEUS, qui justos in corde humiles

Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,

Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling versantes,

A pœnis & tristitiis ejusdem,

Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,

Ut requiescat Stirling. Amen.



*The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie
Hereafter follows, jocund and merrie.*

I.

SR John the Rose, ane Thing ther is compylt
In generall, by Kennedie and Quinting,
Qubilk has themselves abone the Sterna styld;
But had they made of Menace ony mynting
In special, then sic Stryle suld ryse bot stynting:
Howbeit with Boist thair Bosoms were as bendit
As *Lucifer*, quha frae the Heavens descendit;
Hell suld not hyd thair Harnis frae Harms hynting,

II.

THE Eard suld tremble, Firmament suld schake,
And all the Air invenomt sudden stink,
And all the Deils in Hell for Redour quake
To heir quhat I suld wryte with Pen and Ink;
For gif I flyt, sum Sage for Schame suld sink,
The Se suld burn, the Mune suld tholl Eclips,
Roches suld ryve, the World suld hald nae Grips,
Sac loud of Care the common Bell suld clink,

48 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

III.

BUT Wonder laith wer I to be a Baird,
Flyting to use, for grilly I eschame;
Sen it is nowther winning nor Rewaird,
But Tinsell baith of Hopour and of Fame,
Increase of Sorrow, Sklander and ill name;
Zit miicht they be sae bauld in their Back-byting
To gar me ryme and raise the Peynd with Flyting,
And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them proclaim.

Quod DUNBAR to KENNEDIE.



Kennedie to Dunbar.

I.

DIRREN *Dunbar*, on quhome blaws thou thy
Boist?
Pretendant thee to wryte sic scaldie Skrows,
Thou raw-mond Rebald, fall down at the Roist,
My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,

Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 1492

Mandrag, Mymerkin, maid Maister but in Mow,
Thou thryce scheild Trumpir, with a threid bare
Goun,
Say *Deo Mercy*, or I cry the donn,
And leave thy ryming, Rebald and thy Rowa.

II.

DREID, dirtfast Dearch, that thou has disobeyt
My Cousin *Quintin*, and my Commislar,
Fantastick Fule, trust weil thou fall be fleyt,
Ignorant Elf, Ape, Owl, irregular,
Skaldie Skaitbird and common Skandclers
Wanfukkit Funling, that Nature maid an Yrle,
Baith *John the Bos* and thou fall squell and skirle,
Gif eir I heir ocht of zour making mair.

III.

HERE I put Silence to this in all Parts
Obey, and cease the Play that thou pretends;
Weak Waly-draig, and Werlot of the Caris,
Se fure thou mak my Commislar Amends,

50 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

And let him lay sax Leifchis on thy Lends,
Meikly in recompenceing of thy Scorn,

Or thou sall ban the Tyme that thou was born,
For Kennedie to thee this Schedule lends.

Quod KENNEDIE unto DUNBAR,

Judge in the nixt quha gat the war.



Dunbar to Kennedie.

I.

ERSCH brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with thy
Bratts,

Sunt-bittie Kennedie, Coward of Kynd,

Ill-fart and dryit, as *Densman* on the Ratts,

Lyk as the Gleds had on thy gule Snowt

dynd;

Monster, mismaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,

Rebald, renounce thy ryming, thou but rois,

Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;

A lawland Erse wald make a better Noyis.

Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 51

II.

RIVEN, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,
Scart Scorpion, scaldit in Scurilitie,
I se the haltane in thy Harlotrie,
And into uther Science nothing slie,
Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may se;
Quyt claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,
Blasphemar Baird, in Bryberie ay to be;
Wisdom and Wit a Wisp frae thee may rub.

III.

DASTARD, thou speirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht;
Ze *Dagone*, dowbart, thereof haif thou nae Doubt;
Quair eir we meit therto, my Hand I hecht
To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:
Throw *Britain* braid it fall be blawn about,
Hou that thou, poyfond Pelour gat thy Paiks
With a Dog-Leisch, I schepe to gar the schout,
And nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Sward or Aix.

IV.

THOU Crop and Rute of Traytor treasonable,
Fader and Muder of Murther and Mischief,
Deceitfull Tyrand, Serpent tung'd, unstable,
Cuckald, Cradoun, Courd and common Theif;

52 *Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie*

Thou purposed anes to undo our Lord and Chief
In *Paislay*, with a Poyson that was sell,

For quhilk *Raybour* zit sall thou tholl a Dreif;
Pelor, I sall it prieve on thee my sell,

V.

Tho I wald lip, thy frawent Phisnomy

Dois manifest thy Malice to all Men;

Fy Traytour Thicke, fy *Glegore Lous*, fy, fy,

Fy *Fayndlyke Front*, far fouler than a Pen,

My Freyndis thou hast reprovit with thy Pen,

Traytour thou leis, quhilk I fall on thee preine;

Suppose thy Heid were armit *Tymis* ten,

Thou fall rectryit, or I thy Crown fall claive,

VI.

Or thou dar'st move thy Myad malinious,

Thou saw the sail abuse my Heid updraw;

But *Eolus* full wid, and *Neptunus*,

Mirk and Muneless, wasmet with Wind and Waves

And mony a hundreth Myles hynd cou'd us blaw

By *Holand*, *Zetland* and the *Northway Coast*,

In Deserts, vast, quhair we wer famill aw,

Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to say thy Boast.

Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 53

VII.

THOU callis thee Rethory with thy golden Lipps:

Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,
Thou art but Glunchoch with the giltit Hipps,
That for thy Lounrie mony a leitch has fylt;

Vain Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,
Laitly and lowly, lathand as a Lelle,

Sen thou of Worchip wad sic fain be ryld
Hail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

VIII.

FOR WORTHIN Fule, of all the World Refuse,

Quhat Forly is thecht thou rejoyes to sty?
Sic Eloquence as they in *Earfy* use.

In sic is set thy trawart appetyte;

Thou has full litle Feil of fair Indyte,
I haif on me a Pair of *Lowthiane* Hipps.

Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perfyte,
Than thou can bleber with they *Carnick* Lipps.

IX.

BETTIR thou gains to leid a Dog to scomer,

Pynd Pyck-purle pelour, than with thy Maister
pingle;

Thou day richt pryde in the Peis this Sommer,
And fain at *Evin* for to bring home a Sengle,

54 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Syne rubbd it ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle:
 In Winter now for Partith thou art trakit,
 Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks gingle;
 Gae beg a Club, for Bard, thou fall gae nakit.

X.

LEAN, longer lousy, baith in Lisk and Lunzie,
 Fy, skowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrumple
 For he that rosted *Lawrance* had thy Gunzie,
 And he that hid Saint *Johns* Een with a Wimple,
 And he that dang Saint *Augustyne* with a Rump
 Thy foul Front had he that *Bartilmo* flayd;
 The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Grunde,
 As thou wald for a Haggies hungrey Gled.

XI.

COMERWALD Crawdon, nane compts the a Kerf,
 Sweir swapit, swanky Swyne, Kepar ay for swan:
 Thy Commissar *Quintyne* bids thee cum kis his Eik,
 He sykes not sic a forlane Loun of Laits;
 He says, thou skaffs and begs mair Beir and Ait,
 No ony Cripple in *Carrick* Land about:
 Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,
 Carling decry on *Kennedie* cry out.

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 55

XII.

MATTER enough I haif, I neid not senzie,

Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me leid,
Carrion corrupt, hich fall I cry thy Senzie;

Thinks thou not hou thou came into grit Neid,

Greitand in *Galloway*, lyke *Gallow Breid*,
Rammand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox.

I saw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,
Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

XIII.

ERSEN Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,

Thou and thy Queen as greidy Gleds ze gang
With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and Schilling,

Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,

Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,

Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;

A Thousand Kids were they in Falde, full strang,
Thy Limmer Lake wald fley them and thair Dama.

XIV.

INTILL a Glen thou has, out of Repair,

A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,

With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Bliss, as bair,

Ze lyke twa Stalkers steils in Cocks and Hens.

256. *Elyeing of Dunbar and Keanedie.*

Thou pluks the Poultry, Icho pulls aff the Pens,
All *Carrick* crys, God gin this Dowf wer drown;
And quhen thou heirs a Guse quaik in the Glens,
Sweiter thou thinkst than Mattins Bell of Sound.

XV.

THOU *Lazarus*, thou laithly lein Tramort,
To all the World thou may Example be,
To luke upon thy gryffie pitious Port,
For hydious, how and holkit is thine Ec,

Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikent is thy Ulie,
Thy Chop, thy Chql, gars mony Men live chaste,
Thy Gane it gars us myed, that we maunc die;
I conjure thee, thou hunger hyland Ghast.

XVI.

THE farther, Lukes of thy lang leinest Craig,
Thy pure pyad Throple peilt, and out of Ply,
Thy skoldin Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron bag,
Gars Men dispyt thair Flesch, thou Spreit of Gy:
Fy! feyndly Front, Fy! Tyke Face, Fy! O Fy!
Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock man on a Ladder;
Thy ghastly Luke fleys Folks that pas thee by,
Lyke a deid Theif thats glowrand in a Tedder.

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 57

OLVII.

NYSE Nagus, Nipeak, with thy Schuldere narrow,
Thou lousy lukes, and tume of Lams Aw,
Hard Hutcheon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow;
Thy Rig-bane ratles; and thy Ribs on raw,
"Thy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harsh and haw
Thy laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis:
Obey, Theif Bard, or I fall brek thy Gaw,
Foul Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Kneis.

XVIII.

THOU scowry hippit, ugly Averil,
With hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy Hyde,
Reistit and cryd, as hangit Man on Hill,
And aft beswakit with an owre hie Tyde,
"Quhilk brews richt maikle Barret to thy Bryd,
Hir Care is all to elenge thy Cabroch Hows,
"Quhair thou lyes sawfly in Saffron back and Syde,
Powdert with Primrose, swarmand all with Clows.

XIX.

WORLDIN Wanworth, I warn thee it is writen,
Thou skyland Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,
Wan wraigland Wasp, mac Worms thou has beshtitten
Than there is Grass on Ground or Beist on Lind;

58 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Tho thou did first sic Folly to me find;
Thou fall again with Mac Witnes than I,
Thy Gulfeoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,
Thy whostand Hipps let neer thy Hosc be dry.

XX.

THOU held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gown,
And an Caprowfy barkit all with Sweit;
And quhen the Lads saw thee fac like a Loun,
They bickert thee with mony a Bac and Bleit,
Now upland thou lives rise on rubit Qubiet,
Aft for ane Cause thy Burdclaith neids nae Spredding,
For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,
But like a berdless Bard that had nae Bedding.

XXI.

STRAIT Gibbons Air, that neir owrestrade a Horse,
Blac barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born;
Thou brings the *Garrick* Clay to *Edinburgh* Cross,
Upon thy Boetiags hobbland hard as Horn,
Strac Wisps hing out quhair that the Wats ar worn,
Cum thou again to skar us with thy Stracs,
We fall gar skale our Schulis all thee to skorn,
And stane thee up the Cawly as thou gacs.

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 59

XXII.

THE Boys of *Edinburgh*, as the Beis outbraws,
And ay Crys out, *Heir cumis our awin quier Clerk;*
Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaift with Crows,
Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Butings bark.
Then Carlings cry, Keip churches in the merk,
Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a graceless gaes:
Anither says, I se him want a Sark,
I red ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais,

XXIII.

THEN rins thou down the Gate, with Gild of Boys,
And all the Town Tykes hingand at thy Heils;
Of Lads and Louns ther ryles sic a Noyse,
Quhle Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,
And Cadgers Avers cast baith Coals and Creils;
For Reird of thee, nad rattling of thy Butes.
Fisb Wyves cry fy, and cast down skulls and skeils,
Sum clashes thee, some clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.

LOUN lyke *Maboun*, be boun me till obey;
Thief, now in Grief, Mischief, fall betyde,
Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chafe and fley,
Owl, rair and zoul, I fall defoul thy Pryde;

60 *Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Peild Gled, bath fowl, and breid of Biscuits Syde,
Sac lyke a Tyke, Puspyke, what Man Jers by the
Forlisten, Soot-bitten, besh — backir Hyde,
Climb Ladder, fyle Todder, foul Edick, I telfy the

XXV.

MAUCH Mutton, byle Button, perecht Glutton, A
to Hillhouse;

Rank Beggar, Oyfter-dregar, foul fleggar in the
Fleit;

Chitter lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-schilling in the
Mill house;

Bawd Rehator, Thief, of Nature, false Trayne
Feynds Got,

Filling of Tauch, Rak sauch, Cry crauch the
owrcfet,

Mutton Dryver, Giral Ryver, zad Skyvar houl
thee;

Herityck, Unpatick, Puspyk, Carlines Pet,
Rotten Crok, dirten Dok, cry Cok, or I sell quell the

Kennedies Answer to Dunbar.

I.

DOTHANE Deils son, and Dragon dispituous,

Abrams Birth and bred with Relish,

od Werwouf Worm and Scorpion venemous

Lucifers, Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal;

Thou Sodomite separate frae Saints Celestial;

But I, not Silence to the Shiptard Knave,

Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rase,

Thou shalt be made haist blate and bleis Ried Befial.

II.

Now thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,

Of Cockburns-Pech the Writ makes me swar,

Generit betwixt a schol Beir and a Deil;

Sae he was callit Deilther and not Dunbar:

This Deilther generit of a Meir of Mar.

Corsspatrick Earl of Menach, and he Illusion,

The first that eir pat Scotland in Confusion,

Is that false Traytor firmly say I dare.

62 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

III.

QUEEN BRUCE and *Baliol* differs for the Crown,
Scots Lords could not obey the *Inglis* Laws;
This *Corispatrik* betrayed *Berwick Town*,
And slew Seven thousand Scots within that War,
The Battle syne of *Spottismuir* he gart cause,
And came with *Edward Lanshanks* to the Field,
Where Twelve thousand true *Scottish* Men
were kild.

And *Wallace* chaist, as the *Chronicle* shaws,

IV.

SCOTS Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and Chace
In *Firmance*, fast till all the *Eeild* was done,
Within *Dunbar* that auld *Spelunk* of *Treason*;
Sae *Inglis* Tykes in *Scotland* was abune;
Then spulziet they *Haly Stane* of *Scow*;
The *Croos* of *Halyroodhouse*, and sic Jewells;
He birns in *Hell*, *Body*, *Banes* and *Bowells*,
This *Corispatrik* that *Scotland* has undone.

V.

WALLACE gart cry an *Consale* into *Perth*,
And calld *Corispatrik* Traytor be his Style,
But that damnd *Dragon* drew him in *Diserth*,
And said he kend but *Wallace* King in *Kyle*,

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 63

Out of *Dunbar* that Thief he made exyle,
Unto *Edward* and *Inglis* Ground again;
Serpents and Taids and Tigers fall remain,
In *Dunbar* Waws, Tods, Woufs and Beills vyle.

VI.

Nae Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,
Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,
Thy Stanes of Treason as the Brunstane slinks,
Of *Delbers* Mother caken in the Se.
The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,
That *Adam* eit quhen he tint *Paradyce*,
Scho eit envenom'd like a Cockatryce,
Synce marryt with the Deil for Dignitie.

VII.

It of new Treason I can tell the Tales,
That cums on Nicht by Vision in my Sleip.
Archbould Dunbar betrayd the House of *Haler*,
Because the zung Lord had *Dunbar* to keip,
Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip;
Richt crewely his Castle pursenet,
Brought him forth boundin, and the place re-
skewt,
At him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

64 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy.*

VIII.

It were, against baith Nature and gude reason,
 That *Deilbers* Bairn were true to God or Man,
 Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Treason,
Belzebubbs Oys and curst *Corspatricks* Clan.
 Thou was preferyt and ordind be Satan,
 Now to be born to do thy kin Defame,
 And gar me shaw thy Antecessors Schame,
 Thy kin that lives may wary thee and ban.

IX.

SEN thou on me thus Lymmer, leis and trawling,
 And send sic Sentence soundit of Envy;
 Thy Elders Banis rife ilk Nicht and tawling,
 And on thy Cors, Vengance, Vengance, they cry,
 Thou art the Cause they may no reston ly;
 Thou saye for them few Paters, Selms or crech,
 But gars me tell their Restells and Mildeith,
 And their auld sin with new Schames certify.

X.

IN SENSWAT, Sew, ceis fals *Eslyer* Air,
 And kraw, kais soule I hale of *Aluthie*,
 And gar me not the cause lang to declair,
 Of thy curst kin *Deilber* and his *Allie*;

Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 63

Cum to the Coris on Kneis and mak a *Cria*,
Confess thy Cryme, hald *Kennedie* thy King,
And with a Hawthorn scourge they sell and ding
Thus drie thy Pennance *delt quiffi quiffi*.

XI.

PASS to my *Commisfar* and be confess,
Before him cour on Kneis and cum in will;
And syne gar *Stobo* for thy Lyfe protest:
Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,
Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee still
Do thou not this Brigane thou fall be brint
With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,
On *Arthur-Sate*, or ony hicher Hill.

XII.

haif ambulate on *Parnaso* the Mountain,
Inspyrt with *Hermes* frae his golden Sphere,
and dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
Quhen purisfeet with Frost, and flowand cleir,
and thou hast cum in *Merch* or *Februeir*;
There till ane Pale and drunk the Padock Rude,
That gars the Ryme in Terms of Sence denude,
and blaber Things that wyse Men hate to heir.

66 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XIII.

THOU luv'st nae *Erish*, Elf, I understand,
But it suld be all true *Scotismans* Beid;
It was the first gude Language of this Land,
And SCOT A gart it multiplie and spreid,
Till *Corspatrik* that we of Treason reid,
Thy Fore-fader, made *Ersche* and *Erschmen* thin
Throu his Treason brocht *Inglis* Fassion in,
Sae wald thyself, micht thou to him succeed.

XIV.

FULE Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
It may be verryfeit thy Wit is thin,
Quhen thou wryts *Densmen* dryd upon the Ratts,
Densmen of *Denmark* are of the Kings Kin,
The Wit thou suld have had was casten in,
Even at thy Erse backward with an Staw-flou,
Therefore, fals harlot Hure-son, hald thy Toun
Delbier thou deives the Dell thy Enn with Din.

XV.

QUHAIRAS thou says, that I steil Hens and Lamm,
I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staka,
Thou wald be fain to gnaw Law with thy Gamm,
Under my Burde frush Banes behind dogs Bane.

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 67

Thy Purse its tume, I haif baith Steids and Caiks,
Thou tint the sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;
Thy Geir and Substane is a Widdy teuch,
On *Saltone* Mount, about thy Craig to rax,

XVI.

AND zit mount *Saltone* Gallows is owre fair,
For to be seyrt with sic a frontless Face;
Cume hame and hing under an *Tric of Air*,
To card thee under it. I sall purchase Grace,
To eit thy Flesh the Dog shall haif oae Space.
Ravens sall ryve noething but thy Tung. Rutes;
For thou sic Malice of thy Master mutes,
It is weil set that thou sic barret brace.

XVII.

A small Fynance among thy Freinds thou beggit,
To stanche thy skorne with haly Mulds thou lost
Thou faild to get a Dowkar for to dreggit;
It lyes clofd in a Clont on *Northway* Coast,
Sic Revel gars thee be servit with cauld Roast,
And aft sit supperless beyond the Se.
Cryand at Doris, *Charitas amore D S I*,
Breikles, Barefute and all in Duds up dost.

68 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XVIII.
DEILBER has nocht ado, with a *Dunbar*;

The Earls of *Murray* bure that surname richt,
That to their King ay true and constant war;

Of that Kin came *Dunbar* of *Westfield* Knicht
That Succession is hardy, wyfe, and wicht;

And has daithing ado now, with the *Deil*,

But *Deilber* is thy kin, and ken thee well,

And has in hell for thee a chamber richt,

Cok's r-crupand, *Craw*, I sall gar trog thy *Tung*,

And thou sall cry *Cormuk* turn on thy *Kneis*,

Derch I sall ding thee till I gar thee dung,

And thou sall lick thy *Lipps* and sweir thou lie

I sall degrad the gracesels of thy *Greis*,

Scald thee for *Skorn*, and scos thee as thy *Sale*

Gar round thy *Heid* transform thee as a *Fuld*

And with *Treison* gar throne thee on the *Treis*.

XXI.
RAWMOUD *Rebald*, and *Renegald* *Rehator*,

My *Lynage* and *Forbeirs* war evir leil,

It cums aft to thy sell to be a *Traytor*,

To ryde be *Nicht*, to rin, to reive and steil,

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 69

Quhen thou puts Payson to me I appeil

Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Person

Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, *Quhen*

Thou fall buy it deir enough, Dorch of the Deil

XXI.

In Ingland, Owl, should be thy Habitation;

Homage to *Edward Langshanks* made thy Kin,

Into *Dunbar* refuse him thy fals Nation

They should be exylt *Scotland* main and myn,

Ane stark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin;

The Heid Poynt of thy elders Arms are

Written abunc in Poysie, Hang *Dunbar*,

Quarter and draw, make that Surname thin.

XXII.

am the Kings Blude, his trew and special Clerk,

That nevir zit imagined his Offence,

Constant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Work

Dependand only on his Excellence,

Treiland to have of his Magnificence,

Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benyfic e hedein,

Quhair that the Ravins fall ryve out baith thy Ein

And on the Rattis fall be thy Residence.

70 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie*

XXIII. *Frar Atrick Forest forward to Domsfreife.*

Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
Collaps, Cruds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Gea,
And undernicht quhyles thou stall Staigs and Stirks,
Because now *Scotland* of thy begging irks,

Thou thaips in *France* to be Knicht of the Fell,
Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdown kail,
Ilk Ways unhonest, Wolrum, that thou works,

XXIV.

Thou may not pass Mount *Bernard* for wild Beils,
Nor win throw Mount *Scarpary* for the Snaw,
Mount *Nicholas*, Mount *Godard* thee arreists,
Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a Blaw,
In *Paris* with thy Master *Burreau*,

Abyde and be his Prentise neir the Bank,
And help to hang *Eripon* for half a *Frant*,
And at the last thy self maun thole the Law.

XXV.

Thou haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,
For Falt of Poffance Peilor, thou may pak the,
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedset thy Clais;
There is nae Lord in service that wld tak the.

Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 71

A Pack of Flae-Skins Fyance for to mak thee,
Thou sall receive at *Dunskyn* of my Talzie,
With *de profundis* set thee and that falzie,
And I sall send the blak Deil for to bak thee.

XXVI.

to the *Katherine* thou made a foul Kahute;
For thou bedrait hir down frae Stern to fleir,
Upon her Sydes was sein that thou could schute.
The Dirt cleaves till hir tows this Twenty Zeir,
The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,
Quhile thou, Deils Birth *Deilber*, was on the Sie.
Ilk Saul had sunkin throu the Sin of thee,
War not the People made sae mickle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was saynt and under Sail,
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpost for to pass,
Thou schot and was not sicker of thy Tail,
Beshait the Steir, the Compas and the Glass,
The Skipper bad garland thee at the Bass,
Thou spewd and custe mony a laithly Lump,
Faster nor all the Mariners coud pump,
And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

72 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XXVIII.

HAD they been sae provided of Schot of Gun

By Men of Weir, bot petell they had past;

As thou was lowle and ready with thy Bun.

They neid haif tane nae towing at the last,

For thou could cuke a Cartful at a Cast;

Ther is nae Ship that thee will now resais,

Faster thou fylt than Fyftensum might laise,

And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Mast.

XXIX.

THROW *England* theive, and tak thee to thy Fot,

And bound to haif with thee a fals Botwand,

Anc Horsmanshell thou call thee at the Mute,

And with that Craft convoy thee throw the Land;

Be naithing airch, but fairly tak in Hand;

Happen thou to be hangit in *Northumber*,

Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy Cumber,

For that maun be thy Dume I understand.

XXX.

HIE soverain Lord, let neir this sinful Sot

Do Schame frae hame unto zour Nation;

Let neir again sic an be calld a Scot

A rotten Crok Lowse of the Dok ther down.

Frac honest Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
On sam wyld Desert quhair ther is no Repair,
For syling and infecting of the Air,
Carry this canker corrupt Carion.

XXXI.

THOU was consavit in the grit Eclippis,
Ane Monster maid be grit *Mercurius*,
Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,
Infortune, curst, false and furious,
Ill-schreven, wan thriven, not clein nor curious,
A Myting for flyting, the Flurdome maist fyke,
A crabbit, scabbit, ill-facit Messen tyke,
A Schit, bot Wit, schrewt and injurious.

XXXII.

GREIT in the Glaiks, gude Maister Gwillane Gowkks,
Maist imperfyte in Poetrie and Prose,
All clos under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;
Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Rose!
Lunatick Lymmar, Lulchabald, loas thy Hose,
That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,
In recompeasing of thy Conspiration,
Or turfs thee out of Scotland, tak thy Choice.

74 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XXXIII.

A Benefice quha wald give sic a Beist,
But gif it were to jingle *Judas* Bells,
Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jest,
Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,
Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam schells,
Cleik on thy Cross, and fair on into *France*,
And com thou neir again without mischance;
The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fella.

XXXIV.

CANKERT Cayne, tryd Trowane, *tute-villour*,
Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monster of all Men,
I sall gar bake thee to the Laird of *Hillhouse*,
To swelly thee instead of a pullt Hen;
Fazart Fowmart, fostert in Filth and Fen,
Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Phynomy
Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will not dry;
To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

XXXV.

CURST Conspirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka,
Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, intemprate,
Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, *Apostata*,
Judas, *Jews*, Janglor, lollard Lawreat,

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 75

*Sarazen, Symonite, proud Pagan, pronounceat,
Mahomeit, mansworn, Atheist abominable,
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce insatiable;
With Gog and Magog greis glorificat;*

XXXVI.

*NERO thy Nevoy, Goliab, thy Grandlyre,
Pharo thy Fader, Egyppa thy Dame,
Deilbeir thir ar, the Cause that I conspyre
Gainst thee, and ilka, sutie Deil thy Emie;
Belzebub thy full brudder he will claim
To be thy Air, and Cayphas thy Sector,
Pluto Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,
To leid the doun to Hell frae Licht and Leme.*

XXXVII.

*DEILBER, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir thou zeild,
Hangit, Mangit, Edder-Itangit, Stroydie Stultorum,
To me, maist hie, Kennedie, and flie the Field;
Picket, wicket, stricket, convickit, Lump, lullardum,
Defamit, schamit blamit, primus Paganorum;
Out out, I schout upon that Snout, that snevils,
Tale teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Divels;
Spink, sink, with Stink *ad Tartara termagorum.**



*The Merry Testament of Master Andro Kennedy.
Maid by Master William Dunbar, when he was like to
dy.*

I Master Andro Kennedy.

*A curio quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with sum Incuby.*

*Or with sum Fecit infatuatus,
I cannot, Faith, tell redely.*

*Unde aut ubi fui natus,
But this in Truth I trow trewly.*

Quod sum Diabolus incarnatus.

II.
CUM nihil sit certius morte,

We maun all die quhen we haif done,

Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,

Nor blind allane wait of the Mone;

Ego patior in pectore,

Throw Nicht I could not sleip a Wink,

Licet ager in corpore,

Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie 77

III.

UNC condo Testamentum meum,

I leave my Soul for evilmair,

Per omnipotentem Deum,

Into my Lordis gude Wyne Cellar,

Semper ibi ad remanendum

Till Dumefday cum without Dissever,

Bonum vinum ad bibendum,

With sweit Cuthbert that loved me never.

IV.

IPSE est dulcis ad amandum,

He wald aft ban me in his Braith,

Det mihi modò ad potandum,

And I forgave him laith and wrang,

Quia in Cellar cum cervisia,

I had leir ly baith air and late,

Nudus solus in camisia,

Than in my Lords braw Bed of State.

V.

A Barrel being at my Bolom,

Of wardly Gude I bad nac mair,

Et corpus meum ebriofum,

I leif unto the Toun of Air,

78 Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie

In a Draff Midding eir and ay,

Ut ibi sepelire queam;

Qahair Drink and Draff may ilka Day

Be casten *super faciam meam.*

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was sicker,

Sed semper variabile;

That evermair wad flow and flicker

Consorti meo Jacobi

Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,

Verum Deum renui,

But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,

Hoc pactum semper tenui.

VII.

SYNE leif I the Best Aucht I bocht,

Quod est Latinum propter cape

To my Kin,heid, but waite I nocht,

Quis est ille, than schrew my Shape:

I tald my Lord my Heid but hiddle,

Sed mille alii hoc sciverunt,

We wer as sib as Sive and Riddle,

In una silva quæ creverunt.

Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie. 79

VIII.

QUIA mea solita,

They wer but Leifing all and ane,

Cum omni fraude & salacia,

I leive the Maister of Sanct *Anthane*,

To William Gray ein sine gratia,

My ain deir Cusine, as I wene,

Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,

But quhen the Holand-tree grows greae.

IX.

My senzeing and my false Winning,

Relinquo falsis fratribus,

For thats conform to Gods ain Bidding,

Disparfis dedit pauperibus;

For Mens Sauls they say and sing.

Mentientes pro muneribus,

Now GOD give them an evil Ending,

Pro suis pravis operibus.

X.

To Jok the Fule, my Folly frie

Lego post corpus sepultum,

In Faith I am mair Fule than he,

Licet ostendo bonum multum,

90. Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie

Of Corn and Cattle, Gold and Fit,

Ipse habet valde multum,

And zit he bleirts my Lordis Ee,

Fingendo eum fore stultum.

XI.

To Master Johnay Clerk syne,

Do & lego intime,

Gods braid Maleson and myne,

Nam ipse est causa mortis mee,

Wer I a Dog and he a Swyne,

Multi Mirantur super me,

But I suld gar that Lurdane qubryne,

Scribendo dentes sine D.

XII.

RESIDUUM omnium bonorum

Rests to dispoone my Lord sall haif,

Cum tutela puerorum,

Baith Edie, Ketië, and all the lassie;

In Faith I will nae langer raise,

Pro sepultura ordino,

On the new Gyse, sae God me saif,

Non sicut more solito.

Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedic. 31

XIII.

IN die mea sepultura.

I will have nane but our ain Gang,

Et duos rusticus de rure,

Berand ane Barrel on a Stang,

Drinkand and playand Oap our evin,

Sicut egomet solebam,

Singand and greitand with the Stevin,

Potum meum cum fletu miscobam.

XIV.

I will nae Preists for me shall sing,

Dies illa dies irae,

Nor zit nae bells for me to ring,

Sicut semper solet fieri,

But a Bag-pyp to play a Spring

Et unum Ale-wisp ante me,

Instead of Torches for to bring,

Quatour lagunas cervisia,

Within the Grave to set sic Thing

In modum crucis juxta me,

To fley the Feynde, than hardly sing

De terra plasmasti me,



Discretion in Asking

I.

OF every Asking follows nocht
 Reward, but gif sum Cause were wrocht
 And quhair Cause is Men weil may se,
 And quhair nane is, it will be thocht
 In asking suld Discretion be.

II.

ANE Fule, thocht he haif Cause or nane,
 Crayis ay, Gif me unto a Drene;
 And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,
 Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane;
 In Asking suld Discretion be.

III.

SUM askis mair than he deserves,
 Sum askis far less than he serves,
 Sum schames to ask, and braids of me,
 And all without Reward he sterves;
 In Asking suld Discretion be.

IV.

To ask bot Service hurts gude Fame,

To ask for Service mane suld blame,

To serve and leif in Beggartie,

To man and Maister baith is Schame;]

In asking suld Discretion be.

V.

He that dois all his best Servyis,

May spill it all with Crakke and Cryis,

And be foul Importunitie;

For fewest Words may serve the wyis;

In asking suld Discretion be.

VI.

Nocht neidfull is Men suld be dum,

Nathing is gotin without Words sum,

Nocht speids bot Diligence we se,

For nathing it alane will cum;

In asking suld Discretion be.

VII.

Asking wald haif convenient Place,

Convenient Tyme, Laifor and Space,

Bot Haist or Preis of grit Menzie,

Bot Heart abaist, bot Tung reckles;

In Asking suld Discretion be.

Discretion in Giving.

VIII.

SUM might haif (ze) with little Cure,
 That hes aft (nay) with grit Labour
 All for, that Tyme not byde can he,
 And Tyns baith Eirand and Honour;
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

IX.

SUPPOSE the Seruant be lang unquit,
 The Lord sumtyme reward will it.
 Gif he dois not quhat Remedie;
 To secht with fortune is nae Wit;
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

*Discretion in Giving.*

I.

TO speik of Gifts or almos Deids,
 Sum gives for Merit, sum for Meids,
 Sum wardlie Honour to up big,
 Gifes aft to them that nathing neids;
 In giving fuld Discretion be.

Discretion in Giving.

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II.

SUM gives for Pryd and Glory vain,
Sum gives with Grudging and with Pain,
Sum gives in Prattick for Supplie,
Sum gives for twyis as gude again;
In Giving suld Discretion be.

III.

SUM gives for Thank, sum Cheritie,
Sum Money gives, and sum gives Meit,
And sum give Words baith fair and slic;
But Gifts frae sum can nae Man treit;
In Giving suld Discretion be.

IV.

SUM gives so littil full wretchedly,
That all his Gifts are not let by,
And for a hude-pyk haldin his be,
That all the warld cryis on him, Fy!
In Giving suld Discretion be.

V.

SUM in his Giving is sae large,
That all owre-laiden is his Berge,
Throw Vyce and Prodigalitie;
Thair of his Honour dois Dischagre;
In Giving suld Discretion be.

F 3

VI.

SUM to the rich Man gives his Geir,
 That nicht his Gifts richt weil forbeir,
 Zit thocht the Pure for salt suld die,
 His Cry nocht enteris in his Eir;
 In giving suld Discretion be.

VII.

SUM gives to Strangeris with Face new,
 That zisterday frae Flanderis flew,
 And auld Servands lifts not se,
 Wer they neir of sic grit Vertew;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

VIII.

SUM gives to them can ask and plenzie,
 Sum gives to them can fleich and fenzie,
 Sum gives to Men of Honestie,
 And halds all Jangelars at disdenzie;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

IX.

THAIR sum gets Gifts and rich arrayis,
 To sweir all that his Maister sayis,
 Thocht all the contrair weill kenns be;
 Ar mony sic now in our Dayis;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

XI

SUM gives gude Men for thair gude Kewis;
 Sum gives to Trumppers and to Schrews;
 Sum gives to schaw his Auctoritie;
 But in thair Office gude foundin few is;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

XI

SUM gives Parochines full wyde,
 Kirks of Saint *Bernard* and Saint *Bryde*,
 To teich, to rule, and to owresie,
 To sum richt skant of Grace to gyde;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

Follows Discretion in Taking.

I.

NOW after Giving speik of Takings
 But littill of ony Gude forsaking;
 Sum taks owre scrimp Auctoritie,
 And sum owre-mekle, and that is glaiking;
 In Taking suld Discretion be.

II.

THE Clerks tak Benefices with Brawls,
Sum of Saint *Peter*, sum of Saint *Pauls*,

Take he the Rents; nae Cair hes he,
Abeit the Deil tak all thair Souls;

In Taking suld Discretion be.

III.

BARONS tak frae thair Tennants pure
All Fruit that grows upon the Feure,

In mails and Gersomes raist owre hie,
And gars them beg frae Dore to Dore;

In Taking suld Discretion, be

IV.

AND sum tak uther Mens Takks,
And on the Pure oppression make,

And nevir minds that he maun die,
Quhyle that the Gallows gar him rax;

In Taking suld Discretion be.

V.

SUM tak be Sic and sum be Land,
And nevir frae Taking hold thair Hand,

Till they be tyit up to a Tric;
And syn they gar them understand

In Taking suld Discretion be.

VI.

SUM wald tak all his Nichbours Geir,
Had he of Man as little Feir,
As he hes Dreid that God him fe;

To tak then suld he nevir forbeir;

In taking suld Discretion be.

VII.

SUM wald tak all this Warlds Breid,
And zet nocht satisfiet thair Neid,
Throw Heart unsatiable and greidie,

Sum wald tak littil, and cannot speid;

In taking suld Discretion be

VIII.

GRIT Men for Taking and Oppression,
Ar sett full famous at the Session,

Quhile pure Takkars are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir and thair Succession;

In taking suld Discretion be.

IX.

SUM taks the Makkanis ruiling kynd,

But a rewaird dois nevir mynd,

Few Pairts with Pelf for Poetry,

That gars my poutch be aft ill lynd;

In Taking suld Discretion be.

The foregoing three quod Mr. W^m. DUNBAR



On Detraction and Deming.

I.

MUSING alane this hinder Nicht,
 Of mirry Day, quhen gane was Licht,
 Within a Garth undir a Tric,
 I hard ane Voce that said on Hicht,
 May nae Man now undemit be:

II.

For a thocht I be an crownit King,
 Zit fall I not eschew Deming;
 Sum calls me gude, some says I lie,
 Sum craifs of God to end my Ring,
 Sae fall I not undemit be.

III.

Be I a Lord, and not Lord lyke,
 Than every Pelour and Purse-pyke,
 Says Land wer better waird on me,
 Thocht he dow nocht to leid a Tyke,
 Zit can he not let Deming be.

IV.

BE I a Lady fresch and fair,
With Gentlemen makand repair,
Then will they say baith scho and he,
That I am japit late and air,
Thus fall I not undemit be.

V.

BE I an Courtman or a Knycht,
Honestly cled that lets me richt,
Ane prydefull Man syn call they me:
But God send them a Widdy wicht,
That cannot let sic Deming be.

VI.

BE I but little of Stature,
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,
And be I large of Quantity,
They call me monstherous of Nature;
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.

AND be I ornat in my Speich;
Then *Towssy* sayis I am sae streich,
I speik not lyke thair House Menzie,
Suppose her Mouth mistres a Leich,
Zit can scho not let Deming be.

VIII.

BUT wist thir Folk that uther deims,
 How that their Saws to uthers seims,
 Thair vicious Words and Vainity,
 Thair rattling Tungs that all furth teims,
 Tharis sum wald let thair Deming be.

IX.

Gude JAMES the Ferd our nobill King,
 Quhen that he was of Zéirs zing,
 In Sentence laid full subtilie,
Do weil and set noch by Deming.
For nae Man fall undemit be.

X.

AND sae I fall with God his Grace,
 Keip his command into that Case.
 Besickand ay the TRINITY,
 In Hevin that I may haif a Place,
 For thair fall no Man demit be.

Quod Mr. W. DUNBALL

Sons exylt by Pryde

I.

SONS hes bene ay exylit far out of Sicht,
 Sen ilka Knaif was cled in filken Goun,
 Welfare and Welch ar gane without gude Nicht,
 And in their Rowms remains dull Dearth and Neid
 Pryd is amang us enterit, bot God speid,
 And leird our Lords to gang now less and mair,
 With filken Gouns, and Cellars turne and hair.

II.

Now a small *Barons* rich Abulezement,
 In filkin Furrings, Chenzies and sic Geir,
 Nicht furnis Fourty into *Jack* and Splent,
 Weil bodin at his Back with Bow and Speir
 It were full meit gif it happens be Weir,
 That all this Pryd of silk wer quyt laid down.
 And changit in *Jack Knapska* and *Abergoun*.

III

WALD all the Lords lay up thair rich Arrays,
 And gar unfulziet keip them clene and fair,
 And weir them but on hie triumphand Days.
 And quhen Strangers do in this Realme repair,
 They neid not buy Silk Rayments mair,
 This Twenty Zeir for them, and thair Succession,
 Gif sinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Discretion.

IV.

THAIR Men also maun be bot Smyt or Smot,]
 Frae his Caprousy be with Ribbons laist,
 With Velvet Bord about his threid bare Coit;
 On Woman Wayis well tyit about his Waist,
 His Hat on Syde set up for ony Haist,
 For Hichtines the Culroun dois misken,
 His awin Maister as weil as uther Men.

V.

QUHA sinns in Pryd, does first to God Grivance,
 Quha out of Hevin to Hell gaif it a fall;
 Syne of himself westis fast his substance,
 Sac lerge, that it owrepasses his rentall,
 His Tennants pure he dois oppres with all;
 His coistly Gown, with tail sac wyde outspred,
 His nakit Farmours gars hungry gae to Red.

Quod CLU

SATYRE on Covetousness.

I.

FREIDOM, Honour and Nobillness,
 Meid Manheid, Mirth and Gentilness,
 Ar now in Court repete as Vyce,
 And all for Cause of Covetyce.

II.

ALL Weillfare, Welch and Wantoness,
 Ar changit into Wretchedness.
 And Play is set at little Pryce,
 And all for cause of Covetyce.

III.

HALKING, Hunting and swift Horse rinning,
 Ar changit all in wranous winning.
 Thair is nae Play but Cards and Dyce,
 And all for Cause of Covetyce.

IV.

HEARTY House-holding is all laid down,
 A Laird has with him but a Loun,
 That leids him after his Devyce,
 And all for Cause of Covetyce.

V.

IN Burghs to Landwart and to Sic,
 Quhair Plesour was and grit Plentie,
 Venison Wyld foul Wyn and Spyce,
 Ar now decayd throw Covetyce.

VI.

HUSBANDS that Grangis had full greit,
 Cattle and Corn to sell and eit,
 Hes now nae Beists but Cats and Myce,
 And all throw Cause of Covetyce.

VII.

HONEST Zemen in every Toun,
 Quha wont to weir baith Red and Broun,
 Ar now arrayt in Raggs with Lyce.
 And all throw Cause of Covetyce.

Satyre on Covetyce.

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VIII.

AND Lairds in Silks harle to the Deil,
For quhilk thair Tennants seld Summer Meil,
And lives on Ruits under the Ryfs,
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

IX.

QUHA that dois Deids of Pictie,
And lives in Pece and Cheritie,
Is haldin a Fule and that full Nyce,
And all, &c.

X.

AND quha can reive uther Mens Rowms,
And upon pure Men gadder Sowms,
Is thocht an active Man and Wyse,
And all, &c.

XI.

MAN, pleis thy Maker, and be merry,
And value nocht this World a Cherry;
Work for a place in Paradyce,
For thairin rings nae Covetyce.

*****:*****

The CHERRIE and the SLAE.

Compylt into Scottis Meeter by Captain Alexander Montgomery.

I.

A BOUT an Bank with Balmy Bewis,
Quhair Nychtingales thair notis renewis
With gallant Goldspinks gay;

The Mavis, Merle and Progne proud,

The Lintquhyt Lark and Laverock loud,

Salutit mirthful May.

Quhen Philomel had sweetly sung

To progne scho deplord,

How Tereus cut out hir Tung,

And falsly her deflourd;

Quilk Story so sorie

To schaw hir self scho semit,

To heir his so neir hir,

I doubtit if I dreimit.

This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrave, the King's Printer, in 1597, according to a Copy corrected by the Author himself, the other by Andro Hart, printed 1615, said on the Title Page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 Quaterzims, not long before the Author's Death.

II.

THE Cushtat cronds, the Corbie Crys,
The Cuckow couks, the prattling Pyes,

To geck hir they begin ;

The Jargoun or the jaugling Jayes,
The craiking Crows, and keckiling Kays,

They deavt me with thair Din,

The painted pawn with *Argos* Eys,

Can on his Mayock call ;

The Turtle wails on witherit Tries,

And Eccho answers all,

Repeting with Greiting,

How fair *Narcissus* fell

By lying and spying

His Schadow in the Well,

III.

I saw the Hnrcheon and the Hare

In hidlings hirpling heir and thair

To mak thair Morning mange.

The Con, the Cunning and the Cat,

Quhais dainty Downs with Dew were wat.

With stit Mustachis strange.

The Hart, the Hynd the Dae, the Rae,
 The Fulmart and false Fox;
 The Beardit Buck clam up the Brae,
 With birssy Bairs and Brocks;
 Sum seiding, sum dreiding
 The Hunters subtile Snairs,
 With skipping and tripping,
 They playit them all in Pairs.

IV.

THE Air was sobir, fast and sweet.
 Nae Misty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,
 But quyt, calm and clear;
 To foster *Floras* fragrant Flowris,
 Quhairon *Apollos* Paramouris,
 Had trinklit mony a Teir;
 The Quhilk lyke Silver Schaikers shynd,
 Embroydering Bewties Bed,
 Quhairwith their Heavy Heids declynd,
 In *Mayis* Collouris cled,
 Sum knoping sum dropping,
 Of balmy Liquor sweet,
 Excelling and smelling,
 Throw *Phebus* hailsum Heit,

V.

MATHOCHT an heavenlie heartsum Thing,

Quhair Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,

Owre twinkling all the Treis,

To study on the Flurist Twills,

Admiring Natures Alchymists

Laborious busie Bies,

Quhair of sum sweitest Honie socht,

To stay thair Lyes frae Sterve,

And sum the waxie Veschells wrocht,

Thair Purchase to preserve;

So heiping, for keeping

It in thair Hyves they hyde,

Precisely and wysely.

For Winter thy provyde.

VI.

To pen the Pleasures of that Park,

How every Blossom Branch and Bark,

Against the Sun did shyne,

I pass to poetis to comple,

In hich heroick stailie style,

Quhais Mole smatches myne.

But as I lukit myne alane,

I saw a River rin,

Outwore a steipie Rock of Stane,

Syne lichtit in a Lin,

With tumbling and rumbling

Amang the Roches round,

Devalling and falling,

Into a Pit profound.

VII.

THROW rowting of the River rang,

The Roches sounding lyke a Sang,

Qnhair Das Kane did abound;

With Triple, Tenor, Counter, Mein,

And Ecchoe blew a Base betwene,

In Diapason Sound,

Set with the *G--sol--fa--uth* Cleif,

With Lang and Large at list;

With Quaver, Crotchet, semibrief,

And not an minum mist,

Compleitly mair sweetly,

Scho fridound flat and schair,

Nor Muses that uses

To pin *Apollon* Harp.

VIII.

QUHA wald haif tyrt to heir that Tune,

Qubilk Birds corroborate ay abune,

With Lays of luvessum Larks,

Qubilk clim sae high in Chrystal Skyis,

Quhyle *Cupid* walkens with the Crys,

Of Natures Chappel Clerks,

Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,

Allichted on the Eird.

Lo how that little Lord of Luve,

Before me thair appeird,

Sae myld lyke and Chyld lyke

With Bow three Quarters scant,

Syne moylie and coylie,

He lukit lyk ane Sant.

IX.

ANE cleinly Crisp hang owre his Evis,

His Quiver by his nakit Thyis

Hang in ane Silver Lace ;

Of Gold betwixt his Schoulders grew,

Twa pretty Wings qûhairwith he flew,

On his left Arm ane Brace.

This God sone aff his Geir he schuke

Upon the grassie Grund;

I ran als lichtly for to luke,

Quhair Ferlies might be fund:

Amasit I gasit

To see his geir sae gay

Perfaising myne HAVING,

He countit me his Prey,

X.

His Zouth and Statur made me stout,

Of Doubleness I had nae Doubt,

But bourded with my Boy:

Quod I, How call they thee my Chyld,

Cupido, Sir, quod he and smyld,

Please you me to imploy;

For I can serve you in your Suite,

If you please to impyre,

With Wings to flie, and Schafes to schute

Or Flamis to set on Fyre.

Mak Choice then of those then,

Or of a thousand Things,

Büt crave them and have them,

With that I woud his Wings,

XI.

QUHAT wald thou gif my Friend, *quod he,*
To haif thir wanton Wings to flie,

To sport thy Sprit a quhyle;
Or quhat gif I suld lend the Heir,
Bow, Quiver, Schafts and Schuting Geir
Sum Body to begyle:

That Geir, *quod,* I cannot be bocht,
Zit I wald have it fain;

Quhat gif, *quod he,* it cost thee nocht,
But rendering all again:

His Wings then he brings then,

And band them on my Back,

Go flie now *quod he,* now,

And sae my Leif I tak.

XII.

sprang up with *Cupidoes* Wings,

Quha Bow and Schuting Geir resigns,

To lend me for a Day:

As *Icarus* with borrowit Flicht,

mountit hichar, nor I micht,

Owre perrelous and Play:

Then Furth I drew that double Dart
 Quhilk sumtyme schot his Mother
 Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hairt,
 In hope to hurt an uther;
 It hurt me or burnt me,
 Quhyle either hand I handill
 Cum see now in me now
 The Butter-flie and Candill.

XIII.

As scho delysts into the Low,
 Sac was I browdin of my Bow,
 Als ignorant as scho;
 And as scho flies quhyls scho be fyrir,
 Sac with the Dart that I desyrt,
 My hand has hurt me to;
 As fulish *Phaeton* be fute
 His Fathers Cart obtaind,
 Sac langt I in Lufis Bow to schute,
 Not marking quhat it meind
 Mair wilfull than Skilfull,
 To flie I was sac fond,
 Desyring, aspiring;
 And sac was sene uponnd.

XIV.

Too late I knew quha hewie to Hie,

He spail fall fall into his Eie,

Too late I went to Schuils;

Too late I heard the Swallow preich,

Too late experience Dois teich

The Schuil-maister of Fails;

Too late to fynd the Nest I seik,

Quhen all the Birds ar flowin;

Too late the Stabil-dore I steik,

Quhen all the Steids are flowin;

Too late ay their State ay,

All fulish Folk espy,

Behind sae, they find sae

Remeid, and sae do I.

XV.

Gif I had ryple bene advyft,

I had not raschly enterpryft,

To soir with borrowit Penns;

Nor zit had seyde the Archer-craft,

To schute mysell with sik a Schaft,

As Reason quyte miskennis:

Frac wilfulness gif me my Wound,

I had nae Force to flie,

Then came I grainand to the Ground,

Friend, Welcum hame, *quod he*;

Quhair flew ze; Quhom flew ze?

Or quha brings hame the Builing!

I se now, *quod he*, now,

Ze haif bene at the Schuting

XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,

Sae I behuift to byde them baith,

Sae flakkering was my Stait!

That undir Cure I gat sik Chek,

Quhilk I nicht nocht remuif nor nek,

But cyther stail or mait;

My agony was sae extreme,

I swelt and swoond for Fcir,

But or I walkant of my Dreme,

He spulziet me of my Geir;

With Flicht then on Hicht then

Sprang Cupid in the Skyn,

Forzetting and setting

At nocht my cairfull Cryis.

The Cherrie and the Slae.

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XVII.

As lang with Sicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazellit Eys grew dim

With stairing on the Stürms,

Quhilk flew sae thick befoir my Ein,

sum reid, sum zellow, blew, sum grene,

Quhilk trublit all my Harns,

That every Thing apperit twae

To my barbulzeit Brain,

But lang nicht I ly luiking sae,

Or *Cupid* came again ;

Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,

I hard up throw the Air,

Throw Cluds so he thuds so,

And flew I wist nor quhair.

XVIII.

Then frae I saw that God was gane,

And I in langour left allane,

And fair tormentit to ;

sumtyme I sicht, quhyle I was sad,

sumtyme I musit and maist gane mad,

I wist nor quhat to do ;

Sumtyme I ravit half in a Rage,

As ane into Dispair,

To be opprest with sic a Page,

Lord gif my heart was fair

Lyke *Dido Cupido*,

I widdill and I warie,

Quha rest me and lest me

In sic a Feirie-farie.

XIX.

THEN felt I *Courage* and *Desyre*

Inflame my Heart with uncouth Pyre,

To me befoir unknown;

But now nae Blude in me remains

Unburnt and boyld within my Vaines,

By Love his Bellies blawin;

To quench it or I was devorit,

With Sichts I went about,

But ay the mair I schupe to smorit,

The baulder it brak out;

Ay preising bot ceising,

Quhyl it nicht breik the Bounds,

My Hew so furth schew so

The Dolour of My Wounds.

The Cberrie and the Slae.

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XX.

With deidly Visage, pail and wan,
Fair lyke an Atomy than Man,

I widdert clein away,

As Wax befor the Fyre, I felt
My Heart within my bosom melt,

And Peice and Peice decay,

My Veines with brangling lyk to brek,

My Pungs lap with Pith;

My Fervency did me infek,

That I was vext thairwith:

My Heart ay did start ay,

The fyrie Flamis to flie,

Ay howping, throw lowping,

To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

But, O alace! it was about,

My cairfull Corps kept it incluit,

In Persoun of my Breist;

With Sicks sae sowpit and owre-set,

Yek to an Fisch fast in the Net,

In Deid thraw undecoist.

The Chertie and the Slae.

Quha thocht in vain scho stryve by Strength
For to pull out hir Heid.

Quhilk profits naething at the length,
But haistning to hir Deid;

With wristing and thirsting,

The faster still is scho

Thair I so did ly so,

My Death advancing to.

XXII.

THE mair I wrestlit with the Wind

The faster still myself I find,

Nae Mirth my Mynd nicht meise;

Mair Noy, nor I, had nevir nane,

I was sae altert and owre-gane,

Throw Drowth of My Discife:

Zit weakly as I nicht I raise,

My Sicht grew dim and Dark,

I stakkerit at the Windill-sraes,

Nae Takin I was stark

Baith sightless and nichtled

I grew allmaist at ains,

In Angwische I langwische,

With mony grievous Grains.

The Cherrie and the Slae.

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XXIII.

With sober Face I did approch
Hard to the River, and the Roche;
Quhair of I spak befor;
The River sic a Murmur maid,
As to the Sea it safely said,
The Craig hich, stay and schoir;
Then Pleasure did me sae provok
Thair partly to repair,
Betwixt the River and the Roche,
Quhair Houps grew with Dispaire;
A Tane than I sic thair
Of CHERRIES on the Braes,
Below to I saw to
Anc Bus of bitter SLAES.

XXIV.

THE Cherries hang abone my Heid,
Lyke twynkland Rubies round and reid,
Sae hich up in the Heweh,
Quhais Schaddows in the River schew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew,
On trimbling Twists and tewch,

H

Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,

Declyning down thair Toppis;

Reflect of *Phebus* aff the *Firth*,

New colourit all thair Knoppis;

With dawning and glancing,

In Tyrles dornik champ,

Quhilk streimed and leimed

Throw Lichtness of that Lamp.

XXV.

With earnest Eie, quhyl I espy

The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,

Half-gaite almaist to Hevin;

The Craig sae cumbersum to clim,

The Trie sae tall of Growth, and trim,

As ony arrow evin:

I call'd to mynd how *Daphne* did,

Within the Laurell schrink,

Quhen from *Appollo* scho hir hid

A thousand Tymes I think;

That Trie thair to me thair,

As he his Laurell thocht,

Aspyring, bot tying,

To get that Fruit I socht

XXVI.

To clim the Craig it was nae Buit,
Let be to preifs to pull the Fruit
In Top of all the Trie;
I saw nae Way quhairby to cum,
Be ony Craft to get it clum,
Appeirandlie to me:
The Craig was ugly stay and dreich,
The Trie lang sound and small,
I was affrayd to clim sa hich,
For Feir to fetch a Fall;
Affrayit to say it,
I lukit up on loft,
Quhys minting, quhys stoting,
My purpose changit oft.

XXVII.

THEN Dreid with Danger and Dispair,
Forbad me minting onie mair
To rax abune my Reiche;
Quhat, Tusche, goud Courage, Man go to,
He is but dast that has to do,
And spairs for every Speiche:

For I haif aft bard fuirh Mea say,

And we may see ourselfe,

That Fortune helps the handy ay,

And Pultrones plain repells;

Then sein nocht nor hair nocht,

Dreid, Danger or Dispair

To Fazarts bard Hazards,

Is deid or they eum their.

XXVIII.

Quha speids, but sic as heich aspyris,

Quha triumphs nocht, but sic as tryes

To win a nobill Name;

Of schrinking, quhat but Schame succedeis,

Then do as thou wald haif thy Deids

In Regiller of Fame:

I put the Cais thou nocht prevaild,

Sae thou with Honour die;

Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage faild,

Sall Poets pen of thee:

Thy Name than from fame than

Sall nevir be cut aff,

Thy Graif ay fall haif ay,

That honest Epitaff.

XXIX.

QUHAT can thou lose, quhen Honour lives,
Renown (thy Vertew) ay revives,

Gif valiauntlie thou end:

Quod *Danger*, Huty, Friend, tak heid,

Untymous Spurring spills the Seid;

Tak nae quhat ze pretend:

Thocht *Courage* counsell thee to dune,

Bewar thou kep nae Skaith,

Haif thou nae Help but *Hope* and him,

They may begyle thee baith:

Thy sell now may tell now

The Counsell of thae Clerks,

Quhairthrow zit I trow zit

Thy Breist dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairo with Fyre the *Danger* decids,

Sae I belief thy Bosome bleids,

Sen last that Fyre thou felt:

Befyds that seindle Tymes thou seis

That evir *Courage* keeps the Keis

Of Knowledge at his Belt;

3

Thocht he bid fordwart with his Guns,

Small Powder he provyds,

Be not ane Novice of that Nonnes,

That saw nocht baith the Sydes;

Fule haist ay almaist ay,

Owre-fails the Sicht of sum,

Quha huiks not, nor luits not

Quhat eftirward may cum,

XXXI.

ZIT Wisdom wisches thee to wey

This Figure in Philosophy,

A Lessoun worth to leir,

Qubilks is in Tyme for to tak tent,

And not quhen Tyme is past repent,

And buy repentance deir;

s thair nae Honour eftir Lyfe,

Except to slay thyself,

Quhairfoir his *Atrape* that Knyfe?

I trow thou cannot tell:

Quha bot it wald cut it,

Qubilk *Clotho* skairs has spun,

Destroying thy Joying

Befoir it be begun.

The Cherrie and the Slae.

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XXXII.

ALL Owres ar repute to be Vyce,
Owre hich, owre law, owre ratch, owre nyce,
Owre het or zit owre cauld;
Thou seims unconstant, by thy Signs,
Thy Thocht is on a Thousand Things,
Thou wats not quhat thou wald;
Let Fame hir Pitie on the poure,
Quhen all thy Banes ar brokin,
Zon SLAE, suppose you think it soure,
May satisfie to slokkin
Thy Drouth now, of Zouth now,
Quhilk dryes thee with Delyre,
Asswage than thy Rage, Man,
Foul Water quenches Fyre.

XXXIII.

QUHAT Fule art thou to die of Thrift,
And now may quench it, gif thou list,
Sae easylic bot Pain;
Mair Honour is to vanquish ane
Than feicht with tensum and be tane,
And owther hurt or slain:

The Prattick is to bring to pas,
 And not to enterpryse,
 And als gude drinking out of Glas
 As Gold in ony Ways;
 I levir haif evir
 A Foul in hand or tway,
 Nor stand ten stand
 About me all the Day.

XXXIV.

Lure quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
 And slip na Certainty for Howp,

Quha gyds thee but begets,
 Quod *Courage*, Cowards tak nae Cuse,
 To sit with Schame, sae they be sure,
 I lyk them all thee less;

Quhat Plesure purchest is bot Pain,
 Or Honour win with Eise,
 He will not ly quhair he is slain,

That douttis befoir he dies:

For *Fair* then I heir then,
 But only ane Remeid,
 Quhill lart is, and that is
 For to cut aff the Heid,

XXXV.

QUHAT is the Way to heil any Hout?

Quhat is the way to slay the Surt?

Quhat meins may mak thee marrie?

Quhat is the comfort that thou crave?

Suppose thir Sophists thee deceive:

Thou knows it is the *Glorie*;

For it only thou but chills;

The *Slae* can be nae Buit;

In it also thy Heltt conlitts,

And in nae uther Fruit;

Quhy quaike thou, and scheike thou?

And studeys at our Stryfe,

Advysc thee, it lyes thee,

On nae less than thy Lyfe.

XXXVI.

Sir any Patient wald be pansst,

Quhy suld he lowp quhen he is lanst,

Or schrink quhen he is schorn;

For I haif hard Chirurgians say,

Astymes defferring of a Day,

Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak Tyme, in Tyme or Tyme be tint ;

For tyme will not remain :

Quhat forces Fyre out of the Flint,

But als hard match again.

Delay not, and fray not,

And thou sall see it sae,

Sic gets ay, than setts ay,

Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

XXXVII.

THOCHT all Beginings be maist hard,

The End is pleasand afterward ;

Then schrink not for a Schowre ;

Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,

Thy Pain and Travel is forzet,

The Sweit exceeds the Soure.

Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir

For *Howp* gude Hap hes hecht.

Quod *Danger* be not sudden, Sir,

The Matter is of Wecht ;

Firft spy baith and try baith,

Advysment does nane ill,

I say then, ye may then,

Be willful quhen ze will.

XXXVII.

BUT zit to Mynd the Proverb call,

Quha uses Perrills perish fall,

Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them lasts;

And I half hard *quod Howp*, that he

shall nevir schaip to sail the Se,

That for all Petrills casts,

How many throw Dispair are Deid,

That nevir Perills preivt ?

How many also, gif thou reid,

Of Lyves have we relcivt ?

Quha being evin dicing,

Bot Danger but dispaired ;

A Hunder, I wonder,

But thou hast hard declaird.

XXXIX.

Gif we twa hald not up thy Heart,

Quhilk is the Chief and noblest Part,

Thy Wark wald not gang weil,

Considering thae Companions can

Diswade a silly simple Man,

To basard for his Heil,

Suppose they haif desavit foun,

Or they and we nicht melt;

They get nae Credence quhair we cum;

With nae man of Speer;

By Reason their Treason

Be us is first espyt,

Reveiling their Dossing.

Quhilk dew not be debyet.

XL

With sleikit Sophisms seiming sweet,

As all their Doings war discreit,

They wish thee to be wyle,

Postponing Tyme frae Hour to Hour,

But Faith in underneath the Flowr,

The larking Serpent lyes?

Suppose thou fels her not a Styme,

Till that scho slings thy Fute:

Perlaivs thou nocht quhat precious Tyme;

Thy slewthing does owreschute.

Allace Man ! thy Case Man,

In lingring I lament,

Go to now and do now,

That Courage be content.

XLV.

WHAT gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane Grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour lost;
For he will hald the hard and fall,
Till Tyme and Place and Fruit be past,
And thou give up the Ghost!

Than fall be grauid upon the Stane,
Qghilk on thy Graif is laid,
Whentyme thair lived sic a ane;
But how fall it be said?

Here lyes now, bot pryse now
Into Dishonour bed,
An Cowart as thou art,
That from his fortune fled.

XLVI.

WAGYNE Man gif thou wer hid
Graif, and syne might heir this said,
Wald thou not sweit for Shame?
Yes, Faith I doubt nocht but thou wald:
Wherefoir gif thou has Ene behald,
How they wald find thy Fame

Gae to and mak nae mair Excuse,
Or Lyfe and Honour lose,
And outhier them or us refuse

There is nae uther Chose.

Consider togidder,

That we can nevir dwell,

At length ay by Streith ay

Thae Paltrones we expell.

XLIII.

Quod Danger, Sen I understand,
That Counsell can be nae Command,

I have nae mair to say,

Except that gif he thocht it good;

Tak Counsell zit or ze conclude

Of Wyser Men nor they.

They are but rackless, zung and rasche,

Suppose they think us sicke;

Gif of our Fellowship zou farsche,

Gang with them hardly beit.

God speid zou, they leid zou,

That has not meikle Wit.

Expell us, zeil tell us.

Heirastir comes not zit.

XLIV.

QUHYLKE Danger and Dispair retyr,

Experience came in and speirs

Quhat all the Matter meind :

With him came Reason, Wit and Skill,

And they began to speir at Will,

Quhair make ze to my Friend ?

To pluck zone lusty Chèrrie loe,

Quod he and quyte the Slae :

Quod they, is thair nae mair ado,

Or ze win up the Brae ?

But to it, and do it,

Perforce the Fruit to plack,

Weil, Brother, sum uther

Were better to conduct,

XLV.

We grant ze may be gude aneuch,

at zit the Hazard of zon Heuch,

Requyris ane graver Gyde :

so wyse as ze are may gae wrang ;

hairfor tak Counsail or ze gang

Of sum that stand besyde,

But quha war zon three ze forbad

Zour Company nicht now;

Quod *Will* three Precheours to perswad,

The paysond Slat to pow.

They trattelit and prattelit,

A lang half Hour and mair;

Foul fall them, they call them

Dreid, Danger and Dispair.

XLVI.

THEY are mair fashious nor of Peck,

Zon Fazards durst not for thair Neck

Clim up the Graig with us;

Erac we determinit to die,

Or else to clim zon Chernis Trie,

They baid about the Bufo,

They are conditiound lyk the Cat,

They wald not weir thair Feit,

But zit gif ony Flich ze gat,

They wald be fain to eit.

Thocht they now, I say now,

To hazard half our Heart.

Zit luck we and pluck we;

The Fruit they wald haif part.

XLVII.

BUT frae we get our Voyage wun,

They fall not than a Cherrie cun,

That wald not enterpryse;

Weil quod *Experience*, ze beist;

But he that Counts without his Oist,

He assentymes counts twyfe,

Ze sell the Beirs Skin on his Back,

But byd while ze it get;

Quhen ze have done, its Tyme to crak

Ze fish befor the Net.

Quhat haist, Sir, ze taist, Sir,

The Cherry or ze pou it;

Bewar zit, ze ar zit

Mair talkative nor trowit.

XLVIII.

CALL Danger back again, quod *SAM*,

To se quhat he can say to *WIM*,

We see him schod fae strait:

We may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells,

Quod *Courage* we concludid elh,

He servis not for our Maist;

For I can tell zou all perqueir

His Counsail or he cum;

Quod Will, quhairto sould he cum heir,

● He cannot hald him dum;

He speiks ay, and seiks ay

Delay of Tyme he Drifts;

He grievis us, and devis us,

With Sophistries and Schifts;

XLIX.

Quod Reasoun, quhy was he debard?

The Tale is ill, may not be hard,

Zet let us heir him anis.

Then *Danger* to declair began,

How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,

To leid him all thair lains;

For they wald haif him up the Hill,

But owther, *Stap* or *Stay*:

And quha was welcomer than *Will*,

He wald be formost ay;

He could do, and sould do,

Quha evir wald or nocht,

Sic speiding proceeding

Unlyklic was I thocht.

THAIRFOR I wisht them to bewar,
And rashly not to run owre far,

Without sic Gyds as ze.

Quod *Courage*, Freind, I heir zou tail,

Tak bettir tent unto zour Tale,

Ze said it could not be;

Besydis that ze wald not consent,

That evir we suld clim:

Quod *Will* for my Pairt I repent,

We saw them mair than him;

For they are the Stayer

Of us, as weil as he;

I think now they schrink now,

Go forwart let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we naithing do but gucka;

They say the Voyage nevir luke,

Qubair ilk anc has a Vote.

Quod *Wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,

We were nae warfe zour Vote to Want,

Sum Sentence heir I note.

I 2

Suppose ze speak it but begels,

Sum Fruit thairin I synd;

Ze wald be forward I confess.

And cums attymes behynd

It may be that they be

Desavit that nevir doutir;

Indeid, Sir, that Heid, Sir,

Has mekle Wit about it.

LII.

THEN willfull *Will* began to rage,

And sware he saw naithing in Age,

But Anger, Yre and Grudge;

And for mysell, quod he, I sweir

To quhat all my Companions heir,

Gif they admit zow Judge,

Experience is grown sae auld,

That he begins to rave;

The laif but *Courage* are sae cauld,

Nae Hazarding they haif:

For *Danger*, far stranger

Has made them than they war,

Gae frae then, we pray then,

That nowther dow nor dar.

QUHY may not these thre be led this way

I led an hunder myne alone.

Bot Counsell of them all.

I grant quod *Wisdom* ze haif led;

Bot I wald speir how mony sped.

Or furdert bot a Fall.

But owther few or mane I row,

Experience can tell;

He says the Man may wye but zou

The first Tyme that he sell.

He kens then, quhai Penns then,

Thou borrowit him to flee;

His Wounds zet, that sounds zet,

He gat them then throu thee,

LIV.

THAT, quod *Experience*, is trew;

Will flatterit him quhen first he flew;

Will set him in a Low.

Will was his Counsell and Convoy,

To borrow frae the blindit Boy

Baith Quiver wings and Bow;

Quhairwith before he seyde to shute,

He nowther yeld to Zouth,

Nor zet had Neid of ony Fruit,

To quench his deidlie Drouth.

Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him

To Deid, I wat not how,

Gif *Will* then did ill then,

Himself remembers now.

LV.

For I *Experience* was thair

Lyke as I use to be all quhair,

Quhat Tyme he wytit *Will*

To be the Grund of all his Grief,

As I my self can be a Preif

And Witnesse thairuntill :

Thair are nae Bounds but I haif bege,

Nor hidlings frae me hid,

Nor secret Things that I haif sene

That he or ony did :

Thairfoir now, no moir now.

Let him think to conceild :

For quhy now even I now

Am Det bound to reveild.

The Cherrie and the Slaue.

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LVI.

My custome is for to drolair,
The Truth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony Man a Jot;
Gif willful Will delys in Leth,
Example in thy self thou seest
How he can turn his Coat;
And with his Language wald alore

Thee zet to brek thy Bains;
Thou knows thy self, gif he was sure,
Thou usd his Counsell anes,
Quha wald zet be hauld zet,
To wrak thee war not we,
Think on now of zoe now,
Quod *Wisdom* then to me.

LVII.

Weil quod *Experience*, gif he
Submits himself to you and me,
I wate quhat I sould say,
Our gude Advyse he sall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
To put zoe *Will* away.

And banisch baith him and *Dispair*,

That all gude Purpose Spilla;

Sae he will mell with them oae mair,

Let them twa flyte their fills

Sic Coissing, bot, Lassing,

All honest Men may use;

That Change now were strange now,

Quod Reason, to refuse.

LVIII.

Quod Will, Fy on him quhen he flew,

That poud not Cherries then anew,

For to haif stayd his Start.

Quod Reason thocht he bear the Blame,

He nowther saw nor neidit them,

Till he himself had hurt;

First quhen he mistert not, he nicht,

He neids and may not now

Thy Foly quhen he had his Flight

Empashed him to pow.

Baith he now and we now

Persaive thy Purpose plain

To turn him, and burn him,

And blaw on him again.

The Oberrie and the Slave.

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Quod Skill, Quod sold we langer fryve?
Far better late than never dye,

Cum let us help him zit,
Tint Tyme we may not get again,
We wait but present tyme in vain,

Beware with that quod Will,
Speik on, Experiende, lets sey,
We think ze haht ze dum,

Of Byganes I haht had quod he,
I know not Things to cum,

Quod Reason, The Season
With Slowthing flyds away,
First ask him and ask him
A Man gif that ze may.

LX.

Quod Will, Gif he be not a Man,
pray zou, Sirs, quhat is he than?
He lokes lyk one at leill.

Quod Reason, Gif he follow thee,
And mynd not to remain with me,
Nocht but a brutal Beist:

How lokes thou in the leill.

A Man in Schape doth not consist,

For all your taunting Tale, *Good Skill*

Thairfor, *Sir Will*, I wald ze wist

Zour Metaphysick fild; *Can let us see*

Gae leir, zit a Zeir, *That Type we may see*

Zour Logick at the Schelling, *We wald but saw*

Sum Day then, ze may then

Passe Master with the Mules, *Speak on, Experience*

We think ze better

Quod Will, I marvell quhat ze, *Of Baggins I*

Suld not I trow my ain twa Eyn, *I know not*

For all your Logick Schullis, *Good Schullis*

If I did not I war, not wys, *With slow*

Quod Reason, I haistald zour thryse, *First*

Nane ferlies mair than *Falias*, *M A*

Thair be mae Sences than the Sicht,

Quhilk ze owre-hale for Haste, *Good Will*

To wit, gif ze remember richt, *Play now, sit, pupas*

Smell, Heiring, Touch, and Taste, *H*

All quick Things haif sic Things, *Good Reason*

I mein baith Man and Beist, *For boyen baith*

By Kynd then, we synd then

Few laks them in the leist.

The Cherrie and the Slae.

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LXII.

Sae be that Consequens of thyne,
Or Syllogisim said lyk a Swyne,

A Cow may teach thee Lair,
Thou uses only but thyne Eier,
Scho touches, tastes, smells, heirs, and seis,

Quhilk matches thee and main:
But since to triumph ze intend,

As presently appears,
Sir, for your Clergie, to be kend,

Tak ze twa Asses Eira,
Nae Myter perfyter

Gat *Midas* for his Meid,
That Hyde Sir is gude Sir

To hap your Brain-lick Heid.

LXIII.

Ze haif nae Feil for to desyne,

Thoch ze haif Cunning to declyne

A Man to be a Mule.

With litle Wark zit ze may yowd

To grow a galant Horte and gude,

To ryde thairon at Zule

But to our Ground quhair we began,

For all zour gussleis jests,

I must be Master to the Man,

But thou to Brutal Beists;

Sae we twae mann be twae,

To caufe baith Kynds be known,

Keip thyne then frae myne then,

And ilka aye use thair awin.

LXIV.

THEN *Will* as angrie as an Ape,

Ran ramping sweiring rude and rape,

Saw he non other Schift;

He wald not want an inch of Will,

Quhither it did him Gude or Ill,

For thirty of his Thrift;

He wald be formoist in the Feild,

And Maister gif he micht,

Yea he suld rather die than zield,

Though *Reason* had the richt:

Shall he now mak me now

His Subject or his Slaif,

Na rather, my Father

Sall quick gang to his Graif.

LXVI.

hecht him quhyle my heart is heal,
To perisch first or he prevail,
Cum after quhat so may:
Quod Reason, Dout ze not indeed,
Ze hit the Nail upon the Heid,
It fall be as ze say.
Suppose ze spur for to aspyre,
Zour Brydle wants a Bit,
That Meir may leif zou in the Myre,
As sicker as ze fit,
Zour Sentence, Repentance,
Sall learp zou, I believe,
And anger zou langer,
Quhen ze that prattick prieve.

LXVI.

as ze haif dyted zour Decreit,
our Prophecie to be complete,
Perhaps, and to zour Pains,
has bein said, and may be sae,
wilfull Man wants nevir Wac.
Thocht he gets lile Gains.

But sen ze think it easy Thing

To mount aboif the Mune,

Of zour awin Fidle tak a Spring,

And daunce quhen ze haif done;

If than Sir the Man Sir

Lykes of zour Mirth, he may,

But speir first and heir first

Quhat he himsell will say.

LXVII.

THEN all together they began

To say, Cum on, thou martyr Man.

Quhat is thy Will, advyse?

Abaifd a bony quhyle I baid,

And muid or I my Answer maid,

I turnd me anes or twyse,

Behalding ilky ane about,

Quhais Motions muvit me maist,

Sum scimd assurd, sum dred for Dout,

Will ran reid-wod for Hailt,

With wringing and flinging,

For Madnesa lyk to mang;

Dispair to, for Care to,

Wald neids himsell gae hang.

LXVIII.

Quhilk quhen *Experiance* persawit,
Quod he, Remember gif we ravin,

As *Will* alledgt of lait,

Quhen that he sware he naithing saw
In Age, But Anger, slak and slaw,

And cankert of Consait;

He could not luck as he alledgt,

That all Opinions speirt,

He was sae frak and fyrie edgt,

He thoct na four but seirt:

Quha panis, quhat changis,

Quod he nae Worschip wing,

To sum best fall cum best

That hap weil rak weil rine.

LXIX.

ut, quod *Experiance*, behald,

For all the Tales that he has tald,

How he himsell behaife,

Because *Dispair* could not cum speid,

So quhair he hangs all but the Heid,

And in a Widdy waif;

Gif zou be sure anes thou may se

To Men that with them mells,

Gif they had hurt or helpie thee,

Consider be themfells,

Then chuse thee to use thee,

By us, or lie as zone,

Say song now, haif done now,

Mak owther aff or on.

LXX.

PERSAVES thou not quhairfrae proceeds

The frantick Fantastic that feids,

Thy furious flaming Fyre

Quhilk dois thy bailfull Breist combur,

That nane but we, quod they, can cuir

Or help thy Hearts Desire:

The perling Passion of thy Spreit

That waists thy vital Breath,

Has holit thy heavy Heart with Heit,

Desyre draws on thy Death.

Thy Puncis renoucis

All kynd of quiet Rest,

That Fever has ever

Thy Person sac oppress.

LXXI.

Coud thou cum anes acquainted with **Skill**,
He kens quhat **Honour** does thee ill,

And how thy **Care** contracks;

He knows the **Ground** of all thy **Griefs**,

And **Recipies** for thy **Reliefe**,

All **Medicines** he makes;

Cum on, quod **Skill**, content am I

To put my helping hand,

Providing always he apply

To **Counsell** and **Command**;

Quhyle we thus, quod he, thus,

As mindit to remain,

Gife **Place** now, in case now,

Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

Assure thyself, gif that we shall,

Thou fall not get thy **Purpose** sped;

Tak tent we haif thee tald:

Haif done, and dryve not all the **Day**,

The **Man** that will not quhen he may,

He fall not quhen he wald.

Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wist,

Accept or gife us ower:

Quod I, I think me main than bliff

To find sic famous four

Befyde me, to gyde me,

Now quhen I haif to do,

Considdering the swiddering

Ze fand me first into.

LXXII.

QUHEN *Courage* craift a *Stamok stout*,

And *Danger* draif me into *Dout*,

With his *Companzion Dreid* :

Quhys *Will* wald up aboif the *Air*,

Quhys I was droun in deip *Dispair*,

Quhys *Hope* held up my *Heid* :

Sic pithy *Refouns* and *Replis*

On ilka *Syde* they *schew*,

That I quha was not verie *wyse*

Thocht all thair *Tales* wer *trew*

Sae mony and bony

Auld *Problems* they *propound*

Baith *quicklie* and *liklie*,

I marvled mickle *ond*.

The Cherrie and the Slae

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LXXIV.

It Hope and Courage was the Feild,

Thocht Dreid and Danger near wald scild.

But fled to find Refuge;

Wa, fra zou Four met, they wer lain,

Because ze gart us cum again.

They greind to get ze Juge.

Quhair they wer fugitive befor,

Zou maid them frank and free,

To speik and stand in Aw nae moir,

Quod Reason, Swa sould be:

Aft Tymes now, bot Crymes now,

But even per Force it falls

The Strang ay, with Wrang ay.

Put Weaker to the Walls.

LXXV.

Quhilk is a Fault ze mann confess,

Strength is not ordaind to oppress

With Rigour, bye the richt

But on the contrair, to sustein

The waik-anes that owreburden bein,

Als mekle as they micht.

K 12

Sae *Howp* and *Courage* did, *Quod* I,

Experienced like

Schaw *skill* and *pithe* *Reason* quhy

That *Dangen* lay the *Dye*

Quod *Druid*, *Sir*, tak *Heid*, *Sir*,

Lang speiking *Pain* *man* *spill*,

Insist *not*, *ze* *wilt* *not*

We *went* *against* *our* *will*.

LXXVII.

With *Courage* *ze* *wer* *sae* *content*,

Ze *nevir* *socht* *our* *small* *Consent*,

Of *us* *ze* *stude* *nae* *Awt*

Thair *Logick* *Lessons* *ze* *allowt*,

Ze *wer* *determined* *to* *trowit*,

Alledgences *nae* *for* *Law*;

For *all* *the* *Proverbs* *we* *perusd*,

Ze *thocht* *them* *scantly* *skilld*,

Our *Reasons* *had* *bein* *als* *weil* *rufd*,

Had *ze* *bein* *als* *weil* *willd*,

Till *our* *Syde* *as* *your* *Syde*,

Sae *trawle* *I* *may* *term* *it*,

We *see* *now* *in* *the* *now*

Affection *dois* *affirm* *it*.

LXXVII.

EXPERIENCE then sayd to the Clerk,

We are na Bairns. Be ye begyld,

Quod he, and forsaik his Field;

For Authors wold alludeger us,

They wald not gie about the Bolls

To foster deale the Field;

For we are equal for ze all,

Nae Person we respect,

We haif bene sae, ar zit, and fall

Be found sae in Effect.

Gif we wer as ze wer,

We had cumd unrequyrd,

But we now, ze see now,

Do naithing undelyrd.

LXXVIII.

THAIR is a Sentence said be sum,

Let nane uncalled to Counsell cum

That welcum weins to be;

Zea I haif hard anither zit,

Quha cum uncalled, unsewed fuld sit;

Perhaps, Sir, sae may ze.

Gudeman, Gramercy for your Geck,

Quod *Hops*, and lawly douts,

Gif ze wer sent for, we suspect,

Because the Doctor douts :

Your Zeirs now, appear now

With Wisdom to be vent,

Rejoicing in glossing,

Till ze haif nipt your Text :

LXXIX.

QUHAIR ze wer sent for, let us se

Quha wald be welcomer than we,

Prove that, and we are payd,

Weill, quod *Experience*, beware,

ker not in quhat Case ze are,

Your Tung has zou betrayd :

The Man may ablene tyne a Stot

That cannot count his Kinsch,

yzour awin Bow ze are owre-schot

Be mair than half an Inch :

Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,

Be sour, quhilk seimeth sweet :

I feir now ze heir now

A dangerous Decreet.

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LXXX.

SIR, by that Sentence ze haill sayd,
I pledg or all the Play be playd;

That some will lose a Laike;

Sen ze but put for me to prave;

Sic heids as help for my Behave,

Zour Warrant is but waik;

Speir at the Man zour self and is,

Suppose ye stryve for state,

Gif he regarded not how he

Had leard my Lesson late;

And granted he wanted

Baith Reason, Wit and Skill;

Compleining and meining

Our Absence did him ill.

LXXXI.

CONFRONT him funder Face to Face,

Gif zit he rews his racklese race,

Perhaps, and ze fall heir;

For ay since Adam and since Eve,

Quha first thy Leisings did believe,

I sald thy Doctrine deir;

K 4

Quhat has bein done, even to this Day

I kept in Mynd allmaist,

Ze promise further than ze pay,

Sin, hope for all your Haist,

Promitting, unwitting,

Your Hechts you never buked,

I schaw you, I know you,

Your Bygones I haif buked,

XXXII.

I could, in Case a Court war cravt,

Schaw Thousande Thousande thou desairt,

Quhair thou was new to are,

And by the contrair I may saunt,

Quhilk thou maun, thocht it geins thee, grant,

I trumpet meir a Man,

But trewly tald the haldie Truth

To Men that mield with me,

For nowther Rigour nor far Renth,

But only lath to be:

To sam zit, to cam zit,

Thy Suekour will be richt.

Quhilk I then maun wy thee,

And register it richt.

LXXXIII.

HA, ha! quod *Hope*, and loudie leuch,
 Ze are but a Preenie at the Pleugh,
 Experience ye prieve;
 Suppose all Bygones as ze spak,
 Ze are nae Prophet worth a Plak,
 Nor I bund to believe:
 Ze suld not say, Sir, till ze se,
 But quhen ye se it say;
 Zit, quod *Experience*, at thee
 Mak mony Mints I may,
 By Signs now, and Things now
 Quhilk ay before me beirs,
 Expressing by guessing
 The Perril that appears.

LXXXIV.

THEN *Hope* replyd, and that with Pith,
 And wyselic weyd his Words theirwith,
 Sententiouslie and short:
 Quod he I am the Anchor Grip
 That saifs the Sailours and their Ship,
 Frae Perill to their Port.

Quod he, aft times the Anchor dryves,

As we haif fund befoir

And loses many thousand Lyves,

By Shipwrack on the Shore,

Zour grips aft, but slips aft

Quhen Men haif maist to do,

Syne leivs them and reivs them

Of thy Companzions to.

LXXXV

Thou leifs them not thy self alane,

But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,

Gars Courage quhat them als;

Quod Hope, I wald ze understude,

I grip fast gif the Grund be gude,

And fleit quhair it is false;

Ther suld nae Fault with me be fund;

Nor I accoſd at all,

Wyte sic as suld haif plumd the Grund,

Befoir the Anchor fall,

Their Leld ay at Neid ay,

Micht warn them if they wald,

Gif they thair wald ſtay thair,

Or haif gude Anchor hold.

LXXXVI.

GIF ze reid richt it was not I,
But only Ignorance, unhairty
Thair Carvells all were cloven.
I am not for a Trumper tane,
All, quod *Experience*, is ane,
I haif my *Process* proven,
To wit, that we wer calld ilk ane,
To cum before we came;

That now *Objection* ze haif mane,
Zourselſ may ſay the ſame:
Ze are now owre far now,
Cum forward for to ſie;
Perſave then, ze haif then,
The waſt End of the Tric:

LXXXVII.

QUHEN *Hape* was gawd into the Quick,
Quod *Courage*, kicking at the Prick;
We let ze weil to wit,
Mak he zou welcomer than we,
Then Byganes, Byganes, farweil be,
Except he ſoik us zit:
Thy wer dreg down with ſpik.

He understands his awn Blate,
 Let him his Chittains chuse;
 But zit his Battill will be blate,
 Gif he our Foris refuse;
 Refuse us to chuse us,
 Our Counsell is he chine;
 But stay he or stay he,
 We haif nae Help for him,

LXXXVII.

Except the Cherrie be his Chose;
 Be ze his Friends we are his Foes;
 His Deings we dispyte;
 Gif we persave him fetted so,
 To satisfe him with the Slae,
 His Companie we quyte;
 Then Dreid and Danger grow full glad,
 And woe that they had won;
 They thocht all feild that they had feild,
 Sen they had first begun;
 They thocht then they moucht then,
 Without a Party pleid,
 But zet thair, with Wilt thair,
 They wer dung down with Speid.

EXXIX.

as, Dred and Danger then, quod Wn,

he did zour sells to me submit,

Experience can prove,

that, quod Experience, I pass,

hair awin Confessions make them fall,

They may nae mair remede;

or Gif I richt remember me,

This maxime then they made,

To wit, the Man with Wit could way,

Quhat Philosophs haif said,

Quhilk Sentences Papawar

Forbad him deir to buy;

They knew then how sae wea,

And praisd nae to reply

XC.

HOCHT he dang Dred and Danger dem,

it Courage could not be; awar;

Hope hecht him sic a Hyre;

he thocht himsell, how sooe he saw

is Enemies were laid fac law,

It was nae Tyne to tyre:

He hit the Yron quhyle it was het,

In case it sould grow cauld;

For he esteemt his Facs defate.

Quhen anes he fand them fald;

Thoch we now, quod he now

Haif bein sae frie and frank.

Unsocht zit he mocht zit,

For Kyndness cund na thank.

XCI.

SUPPOSE it sae as thou hast said,

That unrequird we profferit Aid,

At leist that came of Love;

Experience ze start oure Sone,

Ze naithing dow till all be done,

And then perhaps ze proue

Mair plain than pleasant to perchance,

Sum tell that have zow tryt,

As fast as ze zour self advance;

Ze cannot weil denyt.

Abyde then zour Tyde then,

And wait upon the Wind,

Ze know Sir, ze aw, Sir,

To hald ze ay behind.

XCII.

WHEN ze haif done sum duchtie Deids,

ne ze suld se how all succede,

To wryt them as they wer;

riend, huly, haif not haif sic feil,

cist, quod *Experience*, at last,

Ze buy my Doctrine deir;

ope puts that Haif into your Held;

Quhilk Boyls your barmy Brain;

owbeit Fulis haif cums huly Speid,

air Hechts will mak Fulis Fam,

Sic Smyling begyling

Bids Feir not any Freits;

Zit I now deny now,

That all is gold that gleits.

XCIII.

SUPPOSE not Silver all that shyns,

stymes a tentle Merchand tynes,

For bying Geir beges;

or all the Vantage and the winning,

ude Buyers get at the Beginning,

Quod *Courage* nocht the less.

Quhys as gude Merchants tymes as wins,

Gif said thinge Tyme be wins,

Suppose the Pack cum to the Rine,

Quha can his Chance eschew.

Then gude Sir, conclude Sir,

Gude Buyers haif done beith,

Advance then, tak Chance then,

As fensie gude Ships hath.

XCIV.

QUHA wist quhat wald be sheip or deir,

Sould neid to traffique but a Zeir,

Gif things to cum were hend:

Suppose all bygone Things be plain,

Zour Prophecie is but prophane,

Ze had best behald the End;

Ze wald accuse me of a Cryer,

Almaist befor we met,

Torment zou not befor the Tyme,

Since Dolour paye me Det,

Quhat bypast that I tell,

Ze wot gif it war weil,

To cum zit by Dume zit,

Confess ze haif nae Feil.

XCIV.

ZIT, quod *Experience*, quhat then,

Quha may be meiest for the *Man*,

Let us his answer haif;

Qghen they submitted them to me,

To *Reason* I was faine to flig,

His Counsell for to craif.

Quod he, singe he zourselues submit,

To do as I decreit;

I fall advyse with *Skill* and *Wit*,

Quhat they think may be meit;

They cryd then, we byde then,

At *Reason* for refuge;

Allow him and trow him,

As Governour and Juge.

XCVI.

THEN said they all with ane Consent,

Quhat he concludes we are content

His Bidding to obey;

He hath Authoritie to use,

Then tak his choice quhom he will chuse,

And langer not delay:

Then *Reason* raise and was rejoild;

Quod he myn heartis cum hidder,

I hope this Pley may be composd,

That we may gang togidder;

To all now I fall now

His proper Place assign,

That they heir fall say heir,

They think nane uther thing.

XGVII.

Come on, quod he, Companzion, *Skill*,

Ze understand baith Gude and Ill,

In Phylick ze are sync,

Be Mediciner to the Man,

And schaw sic Cunning as ze can,

To put him out of Pyne;

First gaird the Grund of all his Grief

Quhat Sicknes ze suspect,

Syn luk quhat laiks for his Relief,

Or furder he infect.

Comfort him, exhort him,

Give him zour gude Advyce,

And pance not, nor stance not,

The Perril nor the Pryce.

XCVIN.

Thocht it be cummersom quhat reck,

Find out the Cause by the Effect,

And working of his Veins;

Zit quhyle we grip it to the Grund,

Se first quhat Fashion may be fund,

To pacifie his Pains:

Do quhat ze dow to haif him baile,

And for that Purpose preise,

Cut aff the Cause, the Effect maun fail,

Sae all his Sorrows cease,

His Fever sall nevir

Frae thenceforth haif a Toris,

Then urge him to purge him,

He will not wax the worse.

XCIX.

Quoth Skill, his Sences are fae sick,

I knaw na Liqueur worth a Leik

To quench his deidlie Drouth,

Except the Cherry Help his Heit,

Quhais sappy Slokning sharp and sweet,

Nicht melt into his Mouth,

And his Melancholy remove,

To mitigate his Mynd,

Nane hailfomer for his Behave,

Nor of mair cooling Kynd.

Nae *Nectar* directar,

Could all the Gods him give,

Nor send him to mend him,

Nane lyke it I believe.

For Drouth decays, as it digests;

Quhy then, quod *Reason*, nathing rests;

But how it may be had?

Maist trew, quod *Skill*, that in the Scope,

Zit we maug haif sum Help of *Hope*.

Quod *Danger* I am red,

His Hastyness bred, us Milhap;

Quhen he is highlie horst;

I wifs we lukit or we lapp.

Quod *Wir*, that wer not warf,

I mein now convey now

The Counsell ap and all,

Begin then call in then;

Quod *Reason*, far I fall.

Cl.

THEN Reason raisle with Gestore grave,

Belyve conveining all the lave,

To heir quhat they wald say,

With Silver Scepter in his Hand,

As Chiftain chosen to command,

And they bent to obey.

He pased lang befor he spak,

And in a studie stude,

Syne he began and Silens brak

Cum on, quod he, conclude

Quhat Way now we may now

Zon Cherrie cum to catch,

Speik out Sirs, about Sirs,

Haif done, let us Dispatch

CII.

QUOTH Courage, skurge him first that skars,

Much Musing Memorie but mars,

I tell you myne intent,

Quod Wit, quha will not pantlie paise,

In Perils perishes perchaunce,

Owre rackles may repent.

L 3

Then, quod *Experience*, and spak,

Sir, I have sein them baith,

In Braidieness and lye aback,

Escape and cum to skaith :

But quhat now of that now,

Sturt follows all Extreame;

Retain then the Mein then,

The surest Way it seims.

CIII.

QUHAIR sum has furdard, sum has faild;

Quhair Part has perisht, Part prevaild,

Alyke all cannot luck;

Then owther venture with the aye,

Or with the uther let alane,

The Cherrie for to pluck.

Quod *Hope*, for Feir Folk maun not fash,

Quod *Danger* let not licht;

Quod *Wit*, be nowther rude nor rash;

Quod *Reason* ze haif Richt:

The Rest then thocht best then,

Quhen Reason said it sae,

That roundlie and soundlie

They suld togidder gae.

The Cherrie and the Slae.

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CIV.

To get the Cherrie in all haste,
As for my Saftie serving maist,

Tho *Dreid* and *Danger* feard,
The Perril of that iksom Way,
Lest that thairby I sould decay,

Quha then sae weak appeird:
Zit *Hope* and *Courage* hard besyde,
Quha with them wont contend,

Did tak in Hand us all to gyde,
Unto our Journeys end,
Implaidging and waidging

Baith twa thair Lyves for myne,
Provyding the Gyding
To them were granted syne.

CV.

Then *Dreid* and *Danger* did appeal
Alledging it could neir be weil,

Nor zit wald they agrie;
But said they sould sound thair Retreit,
Because they thocht them nae Ways mcit,
Conducters unto me;

Nor to no man in myne Estate,

With Sicknes fair oppress;

For they tuke ay the neirest Gate

Omitting of the best;

Their neirest perquiere,

Is always to them baith,

Quair they, Sir, may say, Sir,

Quhat reckes them of your Skair,

CVI.

BUT as for us twa now we sweir

He him befor we maun appeir,

Our full Intent is now,

To haif ze hale, and always was,

That Purpose for to bring to pass,

Sae is not thairs I trow;

Then *Hope* and *Courage*, did attest,

The Gods of baith these Parts,

Gif thy wrocht not all for the best

Of me with upright Heart:

Our Chiftain then listan

Hls Scepter did enjoin

Nae moir their uproir there;

And sae there Stryfe was done.

CVII.

REBUICKING *David* and *Danger* said,

Suppose they meant weil evilmaill

To me as they had iworm;

Because thair Nibours they abuse

In swa far as they had accusit

Them, as ze hard befor.

Did he not els, quod he, consent

The *Cherrie* for to pou?

Quod *Danger*, we are weil content,

But zit the manner how;

We fall now evin all naw.

Get this *Man* with us thair,

It rests then ends best thien

Zour *Counsell* to decidir

CVIII.

WEIL said, quod *Hope* and *Courage*, now

We thairto will accord with zour

And fall abyde by them;

Lyk as befor we did submit,

Sae we repeat the samyn zit,

We mynd not to reclaim:

Quhome they sall chuse to gyde the Way,

We sall them follow straight,

And sarder this Man, quhat we may,

Because we haif sae hecht;

Promitting, bot flitting,

To do the Thing we can,

To pleise haith, and eise haith

This silly sickly Man.

CIX.

QUHEN Reason heard this, then quod he,

I se zour chiefest stay to be,

That we haif namd nae Gyde:

The worthy Counsell hath therfor,

Thocht gude that *Wit* shuld gae befor,

For Perrils to provyde.

Quod *Wit*, Ther is but ane of three,

Quhilk I sall to ze schaw,

Quhairof the first twa cannot be,

For any thing I know;

The Way heir sae stey heir,

Is that we cannot clim,

Evin owre now, we four now,

That will be hard for him.

CX.

THE next gif we gae down about,

Quhyle that this Bend of Craigs rin out,

The Streim is thair fac flark,

And also passeth waiding drip,

And Braider far than we dow leip,

It suld be ydle Wark;

It grows ay braider to the Sea,

Sen owre the Lin it came,

The rinning Deid doun signifie

The deipness of the same:

I leive now to deive now,

How that it swiftly flyde,

As sleiping and creiping,

But Nature fac provyde.

CXI.

OUR Way then lyes about the Lin,

Quhairby I warrand we fall win,

It is fac straight and plain,

The Watter also is fac schald,

We fall it pass, evin as we wald,

With Plefour and bot Pain:

For as We se a Mischief grow

Aft of a fackless Thing,

Sae lykways dois this River flow

Forth o' its prettie Spring ;

Quhois Thro', Sir, I wot, Sir,

Ze may flap with your Neive,

As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir

Experience can pleire.

CKII.

THAT, quod Experience, I can,

And all ze said sen ze began,

I ken to be a Truth.

Quod Skill, The samyn I apruve ;

Quod Reason, Then let us remove,

And sleip hae mair in Sleuth :

Wit and Experience, quod he,

Sall gae befoir a Pace,

The Man fall cum with Skill and me

Into the second Place

Attowre now zou Four now

Sall cum into a Band,

Proceeding and leiding

Ilk uther be the Hand.

CXIII.

As Reason ordert, all obeyd,

Nane was owre rash, nane was affryd.

Our counsell was for myne, head of

As of our Journey, *Will* did see.

We fand it trew in ilka Joe.

God blis the Enterpryse:

For evin as we came to the Tree,

Quhilk as ze heard me tell,

Could not be clum thair suddenlie,

The Fruit, for Rypaness, fell.

Quhilk haisting and taisting,

I fand myself reliev'd

Of Cairis all and Sairs all

That mynd and Body griev'd.

CXIV.

RAISE be to God my Lord thairfor,

Quha did myne Helth to me restor.

Being sae lang Tyme pynd;

And blest be his haly Name,

Quha did frae Deith to Lyfe reclaim,

Me quha was sae unkynd.

All Nations also magnifie.

This euiliving Loan,

Lat me with you, and you with me,

To laud Him ay accord ;

Quhois Love ay we prove ay

To us about all Things,

And kisse Him and blisse Him,

Quhois Glore eternall rings.

F I N I S.





T H E

Justing and Debate up at the Down.

Betwixt William Adamson and John Sym.

I.

THE Grit Debate and Turnament
Of Truth nae Tongue can tell,

Was for a lusty Lady-gent,

Betwixt twa Frieks sae fell;

For Mars the God amipotent

Was not sae ferls himsell,

Nor Hercules, that Aiks uprent,

And dang the Deil of Hell

With Horns that Day.

II.

DOUBTLES was not the duchy Delin

Amangst the dowry Pairs

Nor zit nae Clerk in story reids

Of sac triumphand Weirs;

To se how stoutly on their seids,

The stalwart Knychtis steirs

Quhyle Bellies bair with brodding bieldis

With Spurs as scherp as Breirs,

And kene that Day.

III

Up at the *Doun* the Day was set,

And fixed was the Beild,

Quher baith thir noble Chivaliers met

Enarmit under Shield;

They wer sae hasty and sae het,

That nane of them wad zield,

But to debait or be down bait,

And in the Quarrel kield,

Or slane that Day.

IV.

THERE was ane better and ane worse,

I wald that it were wittin,

For *William* wichter was of Corfs

Than *Sym*, and better knittin.

Sym said, He set nocht by his Forfs,

But hecht he suld be hittin,

And he nicht couenter *Will* on Horfs,

For *Sym* was better sittin

Nor *Will* that Day.

V.

To see the Stryve came Zonkers stont,

And mony a galziart Man,

All Dainties deir was thair bot Dout,

The Wyne on broch it ran:

Trumpetts and Schalims with a Schout,

Play'd or the Rink began,

And equal Juges sat about

To see quha tint or wan

The Field that Day.

VI.

WITH twa blunt Truncher-Speirs squair,

It was their Interprise,

To fecht with baith their Faces bair,

For luv as is the Gyle;

A Friend of theirs, throu hap came thair,

And heard the Roumor, ryse,

He stall away their Stings baith clair,

And hid in secret Wayes,

For Skaith that Day.

VII.

STRANG Men of Armes and mickle Micht,

Wer set them for to furdur:

The Harald cryd, God schaw the richt,

Syn bad them go togidder.

Quhair is my Speir? Jays Sym the Knicht,

Sum Man go bring it hidder;

But wald they tarry thair all nicht,

Thair Launces cam too liddir

And slaw that Day.

VIII.

SYM flew as fery as a Fown,
Down frae the Horfe he flaid,
Says, He fall rew my Saff has stown,
For I fall be his Deid.
William his Vow plicht to the Powin,
For Favour or for Feid,
Als gude the Trie had nevir grown,
Quherot my Speir was maid
To just this Day.

IX.

THEIR Vows now maid to Sune and Mune,
They raikit baith to rest,
Them to refresch with their Disjune,
And aff their Armour kiest;
Not knawing of the Deid was done,
Quhen they suld haif fawn best,
The Fyre was pischt out lang or Nune,
Their Denner suld haif drest,
And dicht up at the *Down* that Day.

X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,
 Far mair than of before,
 They wist not how to get him pynd,
 That them had driven to scorn:
 Ther was nae Death might be deynd,
 But braid Aiths haif they sworn,
 He suld deir Buy be they had dynd,
 And ban that he was born,
 Up at the Down that Day.

XI.

THEN to *Dalkieth* they maid them boun,
 Reid-wod of this Reprouch,
 Thair was baith Wyne and Venison,
 And Barrells ran on brotch.
 They band up Kyndnes in that Foun,
 Nane frae his Feir to fotch,
 For there was nowther Lad nor Loun
 Micht eat a Bakin-lotch
 For Fowness, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

Bequint Adamson and Sym. 181

XII.

SYNE after Denner rais the Din,
And all the Toun on Steir,
William was wyse and held him in,
For he was in a Feir,
Sym to haif Bargain could not blin,
But bukkit *Will* on Weir,
Says, Gif thou wald this Ledy win,
Cum furth and break a Spair
With me, up at *Dalkinb* this Day.

XIII.

THUS still for Bargain Sym abydes,
And schoutit *Will* to Scheme,
Will saw his Facs on baith the Sydes,
Full fair he dred for Blame;
Will schortly to his Horse he lyes
And says to Sym be Name,
Better we baith were bynd Mydes
And Wedder Skins at lynn,
Nor here, up at *Dalkinb* this Day.

XIV.

Now is the Grume that was sac grim
 Richt glad to live in Lie,
 Fy, thief, for Schame, cryes litle *Sym*,
 Wilt thou not secht with me!
 Thou art mair large of Lyth and Lim,
 Nor I am be sic thrie:
 And all the Field cryd, Fy on him,
 Sac cowardly tuke the Flie
 For Feir up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XV.

Then every Man gave *Will* a Mock,
 And said he was owre mick.
 Says *Sym*, Send for thy Brither *Jock*,
 I fall not be to sick;
 For were ze foursum in a Flock,
 I compt ze not a Leik,
 Tho I had naithing but a Rok
 To gar zour Ramples reik
 Behind, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVI.

THERE was richt nocht but haif and gae,
With Lauchter loud they leuch,
Quhen they saw *Sym* sic Courage tae,
And *Will* mak it fae teuch:
Sym lap on Horse-back lyk a Rae,
And ran him till a Heuch,
Says, *William*, cum ryde down this Brae,
Thocht ze suld brek a Beugh,
For Lufe, up at *Dalkietb* this Day.

XVII.

SYNE down the Brae *Sym* braid lyke Thunder
And bad *Will* follow fast;
To Grund, for Feircenes, he did funder,
Be he Mid-hill, had past,
William saw *Sym* in sic a Blunder,
To gae he was agast;
For he affeird, it was nae Wonder
His Cursour suld him cast,
And hurt him up at *Dalkietb*, that Day

XVIII.

THEN all the Zonkers bad him yield;

Or down the Glen to gang;

Sum cryd the Coward feld be kind.

Sum down the Cleuch they thrang;

Sum ruschd, sum rumbled, and sum field,

Sum be the Bewis his hang;

Thair Avers fyld up all the Field,

They were sae fou and pang,

With Eise up at *Dalkieth* that Day

XIX.

THEN jelly *John* came in a jak,

To Field quhair he was feid it,

Abune his Brand a Buckler black,

Bail fell the Bairn that baid it;

He slipit swiftly to the Slak,

And rudly doun he raid it,

Before his Curpall was a Crak,

Could nae Man tell quha maid it,

For Lauchter up at *Dalkieth* that day.

XX.

BE than the Bongil gan to blaw,
For Nicht had them owretane:
Alace, said Sym, for faut of Law,
That Bargin get I nane.
Thus hame with mony a Crack and Flaw
They pass'd every ane,
Syne partit at the *Potter-Raw*,
And findry Gaitis ate gane,
To rest them within the Town that Nicht.

XXI.

THIS *Will* was he beguild the *May*,
And did hir Marriage spill;
He promist hir to let him play,
Hir purpose to fulfill;
Frae scho fell fow, he fled away,
And came nae mair hir till;
Quherfore he tint the Feild that Day,
And tuke him to a Mill,
To hyde him as Coward false of Fay.

Fineis quid scot.



On *MAR*

I.

MAY is a Month maist amene
 For them in *Venus* Service bene,
 To recreate their heavy Hearts:
May causes Courage frae the Splene,
 And evry Thing in *May* reverts.

II.

In *May* the pleasant Spray upsprings,
 In *May* the mirthful Mavis sings,
 And now in *May* to maidens falls,
 With Tymmer Wechts to trip and Rings,
 And to play Upcoil with the Balls.

III.

In *May* gois Gallants bring in Symmer,
 And trymmly occupy their Tymmer,
 With hunt up evry Morning Plaid:
 In *May* gois Gentlewoman gymmer,
 In Gardens'grene their Grumes to glade.

IV.

In *May* quhen Men zied everichone,
 With *Robene Hoid* and *Littil-John*,
 To bring in Bows and birkin Bobbyns;
 Now all sic Game is fallings, gone
 But gif it be amangs clovia *Robbyns*.

V.

ABBOTTS by Rule, and Lords bot Reason,
 Sic Senzeors Tymes owreweil this Season,
 Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;
 Quhen falsit Feibleness and Treason,
 Has rung thryls owre this Zodiack.

VI.

In *May* begins the Gowk to gail;
 In *May* Deir draw to Down and Dale,
 In *May* Men Mells with Famynie,
 And Ladys meit their Luvians leil,
 Quhen *Phebus* is in *gemini*.

VII.

BUTTER, new Cheise, and Beir in *May*.
 Connans, Cockles, Cruuds and Whey,
 Lapsters, Lempets, Mussels in Shells,
 Greinleiks, and all sic Men may sey,
 Suppose sum of them sourly finells.

VIII.

In *May* grit Men within thir Bounds,
 Sum hawks the Walters, sum with Hounds,
 The Hares out throw the Forest catches,
 Sync after them thair Ladsieit Sounds,
 To scent the Ryning of the Ratches.

IX.

In *May* frank Archers will affix
 Ane Place to meit, sync Marrows mix,
 To schute at Butts, at Banks and Brats,
 At Revers sum, sum at the Prikke,
 Sum laich and to beneth the Clois.

X.

In *May* Men of Amours suld gae
 To serve their Ladies and nae mae ;
 Sen thair Relief in Ladies lyes ;
 For sum may cum in Favour sae,
 To kifs their Love on *Buchan* Ways.

XI.

In *May* gois Damofells and Dams
 In Gardens grein to play lyke Lammes ;
 Sum at the Bars imbrace like Billers ;
 Sum rin at Barlabricks like Rams,
 Sum round about the standing Pillars.

XII.

In May gois Maidens till L^a Rait,
And hes their Mynzeons on the Streit,
To horse them quhair the Gate is such:
Sum at Incbuckling-brae they meit,
Sum in the Mills of Mufflebrugh.

XIII.

So May and all thir Moneths three,
Are het and dry in thair Degrie;
Therefore ye wanton Men in Zouth,
For Health of Body now haif ze,
Not aft to mell with shankles Mouth.

XIV.

Sen evry Pastyme is at Pleasure,
I counail you to sport with Measure,
And namely now May, June and July,
Delyt not lang in Luvare Leasure,
But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

Quod ALAN. SCOT.



JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM speiks of Lords, sum speiks of Lairds,
 And sicklike men of hie Degrie,
 Of a Gentleman I sing a Sang.

Sumtyme call'd Laird of *Gilnockie*.

THE King he wrytes a laving Letter
 With his ain Hand sae tenderly,
 And he bath sent it to *Johny Armstrong*,
 To cum and speik with him speidily.

This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous *John Armstrong* of *Gilnockhall* in *Liddisdale*, a Head of a numerous Clan and Faction, who used to pass over in Troops to *England*, making continual Incursions, and taking much Plunder in the bordering Parts. See an Account of his being taken and executed, with many of his Followers (in his own Country, not contending with his Prince at *Edinburgh*, as the vulgar Ballad falsely narrates) in *Buchanan's History* of *JAMES* the Vth, about the Year 1530. This I copied from a Gentleman's Mouth of the Name of *Armstrong*, who is the 6th Generation from this *John*. He tells me this was ever esteemed the genuine Ballad the common one, false.

THE *Elliots* and *Armstrangs* did convene;

They were a gallant Company,
Weil ryde and meit our lawfull King,
And bring him safe to *Gilnockie*.

MAKE Kinnen and Capon ready then,

And Venison in great Plenty,
Weill welcome Hame our Royal King,
I hope heil dyne at *Gilnockie*.

THEY ran their Horſe on the *Langum Houn*,

And brake their Speirs with mekle main;
The Ladys lukit frae their loft Windows,
GOD bring our Men weil back again.

QUHEN *Johny* came before the King,

With all his men ſo brave to ſee,
The King he movit his Bonnet to him
He weind he was a King as well as He.

MAY I find Grace, my Sovereign Liege,

Grace for my loyal Men and me;
For my Name it is *Johny Armstrang*
And Subject of yours, my Liege, ſaid he.

*Away, away, thou Traytor Sacrang,
 Out of my Sicht thou mayst sure be,
 I grantit never a Traytors Life,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.*

GRANT me my Lyfe my Liege, my King,
 And a bony Gift I will give to thee,
 Full Four and Twenty Milk whyt Steids,
 Were a foald in a Zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these Milk whyt Steids,
 That prance and nicher at a Speir,
 With as mekle gude *Inglis* Gift,
 As four of their braid Backs dow beir,
Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,
 Gude Four and twenty ganging Mills,
 That gang throw a the Zeir, to me,
 These four and twenty Mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee throw all the Zeir,
 And as mekle of gude reid Quheit,
 As all thair Happers dow to bear,

Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King

And a great Gift I'll gie to thee,

Bauld Four and Twenty Sisters Sons,

Sall for thee fecht tho all sould flee.

Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King

And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;

All betwene heir and Newcastle Toun,

Sall pay thair zeirly Rent to thee,

Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, King, he says,

Althocht a King and Prince ze be;

For I luid naithing in all my Lyte,

I dare well sayit but honestly:

But a fat Horse and a fair Woman,

Twa bony Dogs to kill a Deir;

But *Ingland* suld haif found me Meil and Malt,

Gif I had livd this hundred Zeir.

SCHO suld haif fund me Meil and Malt,

And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;

But neir a Scots Wyfe could haif said,

That eir I Skaithd her a pure Flie.

To seik het Water beneth cauld Yce,

Surely it is a great Folie;

I haif asked Grace at a graceles Face,

But there is nane for my Men and me.

BUT had I kend or I came frae Hame,

How thou unkind wadst bene to me.

I wad haif kept the Border Syde.

In spyte of all thy Force and thee.

Wist *Englands* King that I was tane,

O gin a blyth Man wald he be;

For anes I slew his Sisters Son,

And on his Breist-bane brak a tree.

JOHN wore a Girdle about his Midle,

Imbroidred owre with burning Gold,

Bespangled with the same Mettle,

Maist beautifull was to behold.

Ther hang nine Targats at *Johnys* Hat,
And ilka an worth three hundred Pound
What wants that Knave that a King suld haif,
But the Sword of Honour and the Crown.

O quhair gat thou these Targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy Brie?

I gat them in the Field fechting
Quher cruel king, thou durst not be.
Had I my horse and my Harnesse gude,
And Ryding as I wont to be.
It sould haif bene tald this hundred Zeir,
The Meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, *Kirfly*, my Brither,
Lang live thou Laird of *Mangertoun*;
Lang mayst thou dwell on the Border-Syde,
Or thou se thy Brither ryde up and doun,
And God be withee, *Kirfly*, my Son,
Quhair thou sits on thy Nurses Knee;
But and thou live this Hundred Zeir.
Thy fathers better thoult never be.

FARWEIL, my bonny *Glenockball*,

Quhair on *E/A* syde thou standest stout,
Gif I had leived but seven Zeirs mair,

I wald haif gait thee round about,

John muredred was at *Carlinrigg*,

And all his gairne Companie ;

But *Scotlands* Heart was never sae wae,

To see sae mony Brave Men die.

BECAUSE they savd their Country deir

Frae *Englishmen* ; nane were sae bauld,

Quhyle *Johnie* livd on the Border-syde,

Nane of them durst cum neir his Hald.



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*Of heidstrang Zouth in to command,
Advysd to keip a Hank in Hand.*

O Gallanis all, I cry and call,
Keip Strenth, quhyle that ze haif it,
Repent ze fall, guhan ze are thrall,
Frae Tyme the Dub be lavit.
With wanton Zouth tho' ze be cowth,
With Courage hic on lost;
Suppose great Drouth cum in your Mouth,
Beware drink, ~~not our~~ aft.

TAK but a List, suppose ze thift,
Zour Mouth at Leasure gule,
Zour Mynd solist weil to resist,
Langer lasts Zeir than Zule.

198 *Advyce to a headstrong Zeuth.*

Tho ze ryd fast, cast not owre aft
Zour Speir into the Reist,
With Stuff uncost, set upon lost,
Enouch is even a Feist.

In Cupids Grace suppose ze trace,
Thinkand zour sell abune,
Ze may percase cast *Daweis Ace*,
And sae be lotchit sune.

Frae Tyme ze flank into the Bank,
And Drypoynt cumis in Play;
Ze tyne the Thank, Man, bald a Hank,
Or all be past away.

FRAE thou rin tume, as I presume,
Thou has baith Skaith and Scorn,
Thee to consume with Fyre alume,
That Bourd may be forborn.
Far in that Play, I suthly say,
Gude Will is not allowit;
Gif thou nocht may gae Way, gae Way,
Then art thou all forhowit.

Advyce to a headstrong Zouth. 199

CONSIDERANCE has no Luvance,
Frae thou be bair thairben,
At that Semblance, is no Plesance,
Quhen pithles grows thy Pen.
Quhen thou has done thy Det abune
Forfochten in the Feild,
Scho will say, fune get thee an Spune.
Adieu, baith Speir and Sheild.

FRAE thou inlaiks to lay on Straiks,
Frae Hyne, my Son *adieu*;
That thy Roum vaiks, an uther takes
That Solace to persue,
Quhyle Brauns are big, abune to lig,
Gude is in time to ecise:
To tar and tig syne Grace to thig,
That is a pityous Preis.

THEREFORE bewar, hald thee on far,
Sic Chafwair for to prys,
To tig and tar, then get the War,
It is ill Merchandyse.

290 *Advyce to a headstrong Youth.*

Mak thou nac Vant, owre aft to hant
In Places dern thair down,
Frac Tyme thou want, that Stuff is scant
To borrow in the Toun.

Few Honour wins into that Inns,
For shuiting at the Schells,
Out of zour Shins the Substance rins,
They get no Genzell Ells.

In Tyme let be, I counsell thee,
Use not that offerand Stok;
Quhen thee they see, they bleir thync Ec,
And mak at thee a Mok.

Tho thou suppose haif at thy Chois,
I red thee for the Nains;
Keip Stuff in Pose, tync net thy hois,
Wair not all in that wains.

Frac Tyme scho see under thync Ec,
The Brawn away it munts:
Thy Game and Glee gains nocht for thee,
Thou maun let be sic Hunts,

Advyce to a headstrong Youth. 201

FRAE thou luke cheft, ~~when~~ that Faist,

To hunt into that Schaw,

Quhen on that Beist at thy requiest,

Thy Kennets will not kaw,

Within that Stoup frae Tyme thou fowp,

And Wirdis to be fweir,

And makes a Stop, when they fould hop,

Adieu the Thriffil deir.

THEREFORE albeit thy Hounds haif speid

To rin owre aft let be,

In thy maist Neid sometyme bot Dreid,

They will rebuted be ;

Owre aft to hound in uncouth Ground,

Thou may tak up unbatit:

Therefore had bound thocht scho be found,

Or dreid thy Dogs be flaitit.

Scho is not ill that fitteth still,

Perfewed in the Sait,

That Beist: scho will give thee thy fill,

Till thou be even Chakmait.

202 *Advyce to a headstrong Zouth.*

Suppose thou range owre all the *Grange*,

And seik baith *Syke* and *Sewch*;

Still will scho menge, and make it strenge

And give thee even enuech.

THERWITH advyse, suppose scho ryse,

Laich underneth thy Fute;

But be thou wyse, scho will surpryse

Thy Hounds and them rebute

In Tyme abyde, the Fields are wyde,

I counsell thee, gude Bruther;

yll is the Gyde that fails bot Tyde;

Syne rackless is the Ruther.

HUNTERS, adieu, gif ze persue

To hunt at Evry Beist,

Ze will it rew, ther is anew,

Thairto haif ze no haste.

With an O and an I, ze Hunters all and Sum

Quhen best is Play, pass hame away,

Or Dreid, War after cum.

Quod BALNEVS



*The blate Luvair that fain wad, but
feirs to speik.*

I.

MY Heart is lost only for luv of one.
For Laik of Speich, and all for Shamefulness,
I dare not speik my purpose to propone,
Nor Wat not how my purpose I sall dress;
Speik I till hir and scho be mercylefs,
And denzie not again to speik to me,
Then haif I tint my speiking mair and less,
And unsped Speich had better unspoken be.

II.

I dare not speik for Dreid that scho dispyt
My rural Terms, and say I do but raif,
And speik I not unto my Lady quhyte,
Withouten Speich hir Luv I cannot haif:
But gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I spare to speik for laik of Eloquence;
O couth scho without Speich my Synis persais,
I wald nocht speik to her Magnificens.

III.

FAIN wald I speik, gif speiking nicht avall,
 Gif scho for speich wald speik to me again :
 I spare to speik for spilling of my Tale,
 Then I my speiking spendit Haif in vain :
 To speik and speid not is an lestand Pain.
 How fall I speik ? I dare not speik for Dreid,
 Be it gude or ill, scho speikes to me again,
 Zit fall I speik, unspoken can nocht speid.

IV.

QUAT fall I speik, sen I maun speik on foris
 To hir that is of speich maist eloquent ?
 Then I fall speik, how that my cairful Coris
 Throw laik of speich tholes Day and Hour torment
 Cause I cannot tell hir my hail Intent,
 For want of speich and ornat Termis plain,
 Beseiking hir with speiking reverent,
 That scho wald speik to comfort me again.

Quod STEWART.



LUKE a Leveller.

I.

LUVE pryfis, Bot Companion,
The Gentill and the Scampill-all,

And of free-will gives Warefson,

As Fortune chances to befall;

For Luve maks nobill Ladyis thrall

To baser Men of Birth and Blode,

Sae Luve gars sobir Women smail

Find Favour with grit Men of Gude.

IK.

FIRM Luve for Favour, Feir or Feid,

Of rich nor pure to speik fuld spair;

For Luve to Hienes hes nae Heid,

Nor lichtfys lawlines ane Hair,

But puts all persons in compair;

This Proverb plainly for to pruve,

That Men and Women, Less and mair,

Ar cumd of *Adam* and of *Eve*.

III.

SAE thocht my Liking wer a Lady,
 And I nae Lord, zit nocht the less,
 Scho Suld my Service fynd als redy,
 As Duke to Dutches docht him dress,
 For as hie Princely Luve express,
 Is to haif Soverenitie,
 Sae Service coms of Simpilness,
 And lielest Luve of law Degrie.

IV.

So Luvairs-Lair no Leid suld lak,
 A Lord to luve a sempill Lass,
 A Lady als for Luve to tak
 Ane proper Page hir Tym to pass;
 For quhy, as bricht bene birnist Brass,
 As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,
 And als gude drinking out of Glafs
 As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

Quod SCOT.

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The Floure of Womanheid.

I.

THOU Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid
 And Patroness of hevinly Patiens,
 Lady of Lawty baith in word and Deid,
 Sobir, serene, full of Meik eloquens,
 Baith gude and fair to zour Magnificens
 I recommend, as I haif done befoir.
 My sempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

FOR evirmoir I fall zou Service mak,
 Sen, as befoir, into my Mynd I made,
 Sen first I knew zour Ladyschip, bot Lak,
 All Bewtie, zouth and Womanheid ze had,
 Withouten Rest my Heart couth not evade.
 Thus am I zours, and ay sensyne haif bene
 Commandit therto by zour twa fair Ene.

III.

YOUR twa fair Ene maks me aft syis to sing,
 Your twa fair Ene maks me to sich also,
 Your twa fair Ene maks me grit comforting,
 Your twa fair Ene is Wyt of all my Wo,
 Your twa fair Ene will not ane Heart let go,
 But links him fast that gets a Sight of them
 Of every Vertue bright ze beir the Name.

IV.

Ze beir the Name of Gentilnefs of Blude,
 Ze beir the Name, that mony for ze dies,
 Ze beir the Name, ze are baith fair and gude,
 Ze beir the Name of every Sweit can pleis,
 Ze beir the Name, Fortune and zou agreis,
 Ze beir the Name of Lands of lenth and breid,
 The Well of Vertewend Floure of Womanheid.





Donald Owyres *Epitaph.*

I.

IN Vyce maist vicious he excells,
 That with the Vyce of Treasoun mells,
 Thocht he Remission
 Maist for Prodition
 Schame and Suspition
 Ay with him dwells.

II.

He evir odious as an Howle,
 The Falt fac filthy is and foul,
 Horrible to Nature
 Is an Traytours,
 As Feynd in Feater
 Undir a Coull.

Q

III.

QUHA is a Traytour or a Theif,
 Upon himsell turns the Mischief;
 His fraudfull Wylis
 Himsell begylis,
 As in the Ylis
 Is now a Preif.

IV.

THE fell strong Traytour *Donald Owyr*,
 Mair Falsset had nor wdir four,
 Round Ylis and Seis,
 In his Suplies,
 On Gallow Treis,
 Zit dois he glowir,

V.

FALSET nae Feit hes, nor Defens
 Be Practick, Powir nor Pussiens
 Thocht it frae Licht
 Be smoid frae Sicht,
 God schawis the Richt
 With foir Vengens.

VI.

**Of the fals Fox dissimulator
Kynd is ilka Theif and Traytour,**

**After Respyte
To mak Despyte,
Mair Apptyte**

He has of Nature.

VII.

**Wer the Tod tane a Thousand Faud,
And Grace him given as aft for Fraud;**

Wer he on Plane,

All wer in vain,

Frae Henns again

Micht nane him had

VIII.

The Murtherer ay Murther mais,

And ay till he be slane he slays;

Wyvis thus mak Mokks

Spynand on Roks.

Ay'rynns the Fox

Quhyle he Fute hes.

Quod **DUNBAR.**



COMPARISONE.

THE Bramble growis, althocht it be obscure,
 Quhlys Montane Cederis sholes the bou-
 steous Winds.

And myld *Plebyan* Spirite may leif secure,

Quhlys mighty *Tempestis* tofs Imperial Mynds.

The Solsequium, or the Lover compar-
ing himself to the Sun-Flowir.

LYK as the dum *Solsequium* with Cair owrecom
 Dois sorrow, quhen the Sun gois out of sight
 Hings down his Heid, and droupis as deid, and will
 not spreid.

But luiks his Levis throw *Langour* all the Nichte,
 Till fulisch *Phaeton* arys, with Quhip in Hand

To purge the Chrystal skye, and licht the Land.
 Birds in thair Bower wait on that Hour,

And to thair King and glade *Cudemorrow* gives,
 Frae than that Flowir listis not to lour,

But lauchs on *Phebus* lowing out his Leirs.

H.

SWA stands with me, except I be quhan I may be
 My Lamp of Light, my Lady and my Love,
 Frae scho depairts a thousand Dairts in sinery Airs,
 Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Rest or Ray
 My Countenance declares my inward Grief,
 And Howp almost unpairs to find Relief.
 I die I dwyne, Play dois me pyne,
 I loth on every Thing I luke, allace I
 Till *Titian* myne upon me schyne,
 That I revive thruch Favour of hir Face.

III.

FRAE scho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cleir.
 The Dawing of my lang desyrit Day,
 Then Courage crys on Howp to ryse, quhen he espyis
 The noysum Nicht of Nobles went away;
 No Noyis, frae I awalke, can me impefche,
 But on my slaitly Stalk I stansche fresche,
 I spring, I sprout, my Levis ly out,
 My Collour changis in an hairtsum Hew;
 Na mair I lout, but stand up stout,
 As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

The Solsequium.

IV.

O happy Day I go not away, *Apollo* stay

Thy Chair frae going down unto the West,

Of me thou mak thy *Zodiak*, that I may tak

My plesour to behald quhome I luvè best.

Thy Presens me restoris to Lyfe from Deth,

Thy Absens lykways schoris to cut my Breth;

I wifs in vain thee to remain,

Sen primum mobile says me always nay,

At leist they Wane bring sunè again,

Fareweil with *Paticns per Fors* till day.

Quod MONTGOMERY.





The First PSCHALME.

I.

WEIL is the Man,
Zea blisit than,

Be Grace that can,

Eschew ill Counsaile and the godless Gaits,

Quha walks not in

The way of Sin,

Nor dois begin

To sit with Mokkaris in thair schamefull Saits,

But in JEHOVAH'S Law

Delyts aricht,

And studys it to know

Beith Day and Nicht.

That Man sall be lyke to an Tre

That plantit by the ryning River grows,

Quhilk Fruit dois beir in Tyme of Zeir,

Quhais Levis sall nevir fade, nor Rute unlowse,

II.

His actions all

Ay prosper fall:

So fall not fall

To wicket Men; but as the Calf and Sand

Quhilk Day by Day

Winds dryv away:

Thairfore I say

The wicket in thair Jugment fall not stand,

Nor Sinners cum nac mair,

Quhom God disdains,

In the Assembly quhair

The Just remains.

For quhy? The Lord quha beirs Retord

He Knows the richteous Conversation ay,

But godles Gaits, quhilk he so haits,

Sall quickly perreife, and bot Doot demy.





The Twenty third PSCHALME.

THE LORD maist hie,
 I know Will be,
 An hird to me,
 I cannot lang haif Stress, nor stand in Neid;
 He makes my hie,
 In Feilds Maist fair,
 Quhair I bot cair,
 Reposing at my Pleasure safely leid.
 He sweetly me convoyis
 To pleisand Springs,
 Quhair naething me anoyis,
 But pleasour brings;
 He brings my Mynd, sit to sic Kynd,
 That Foris or Feir of Fae cannot me grieve;
 He dois me leid in perfyt Freid,
 And for his Name he will me nevir leive.

218 *The Twenty third Pschalm.*

II.

THOCHT I wald stray,
Ilk Day by Day,
In deidly Way,
Zit will not I dispair, I feir none ill ;
For quhy thy Grace,
In every Place,
Dois me imbröce,
Thy rod and Shiphirds Cruke comfort me still.
In dispyt of my Foes.
My Tabill grows,
Thou balmis my Heid with Joy
My Cup owreflows.
Kyndness and Grace, Mercy and Peice,
Sall follow me for all my wretched Days,
And me convoy to endless Joy
In Hevin, quhair I sall be with thee always.
These two Pschalmes quod MONTGOMERY.



*A Discription of Pedder Coffes their ha-
ving no Regard to Honesty in their Vo-
cation.*

I.

IT is my Purpose to discryve
This holy perfyte Genologic
Of Pedder Knaves superlative,
Pretendand to Authoritie,

That wate of nocht but beggartie:
Ze Burges Sons, prevene thir Lounes,
That wald distroy Nobilitie,
And bancifs it all Borrowes Tounes.

II.

THEY are declairt in seven Parts,
Anc stroppit Coffe, quhen he Begins,
Ay sornand all and findry arts,
To buy up Hens reidwod he rins;
Syne locks them up into his Inns,
Waiting a Derth, and sells their Eggs,
Regretandly on them he winns,
And secondly his Meit he begs.

220 *A Description of Pedder Coffes*

III.

ANE Swyngear Coffe amongst the Wyves,
In Landwart dwells with subtle Meins,
Exponand to them auld Saints Lives,
And sains them with Deid Mens Bains;
Like Rome-rakers with awsterne Greins,
Speikand Cur lyke ilk an till uther,
Peipand purily with Pityous Manes,
Lyke senzeit Symmie and his Brother

IV.

THIR currish Coffes that sail owne suns,
And Threticsum about a Peck,
With bair blew Bonnets and belted Shunt,
And Beir Bannocks with whom they eat,
The schameless Shrews, God gie them lak,
At Nunc quhen Merchants make guld Choie,
Steil down and ty behind a Sack,
Drinkand but Dreggs and bawby Boie.

V.

KNAVATICK Coffe, mistkens himsell,
Quhen he gets on a furrit Gonn;
But Lucifer the Laird of Hell,
Is not less haly than that Loun;

As he cumes brankand throw the Toun,
With his Keis clinkand on his Arme,
That Calt, Clovis fusted feid Cuffeoun,
Will wed nane but a Burges Baim.

VII

ANE Dyvour Coffer, that Werry Men,
Distroys the Honour of our Nation,
Taks Guile a feist frae fremit Men,
And breaks with them his Obligation,
Quhilks dois our Merchants Defamation,
They are reprievt for that Regnour;
Therefore we give our Declaration
To hang and draw that common Traytour

VIII

A curleous Coffer, that Hige-Scraper,
He sits at hame quhen that they bake;
That Pedlar Bryhouse, that Sheep-keeper,
He tells them ilk ane Caks by Caks
Syne Locks them up, and taks a Faik
Betwixt his Doublet and his Jacket,
And eits them in the Buith that Smaik,
Ill than he mort into a Rakket.

222 *A Discription of Pedder Coffes.*

VIII.

A Codroch Coffe, he is owre rich,
And hes nae Hap his Gude to spend,
But lives lyke ony wariet Wretch,
And trests never till take an End,
With Falsheid ever does him defend,
Procciding still in Avarice,
And leaves his Saul nae gude Commend,
But walks a wilsome Way I wifs.

IX.

I zou exhort all that this heir,
And raids this Bill, ze wald it schaw
Unto the Provolt, and him require,
That he would give thir Coffes the Law,
And banish them the Burger Raw;
And to the Shoe-streit gar them stien,
Syne cut their Lugs that we may know
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

Quod LINDSAY.

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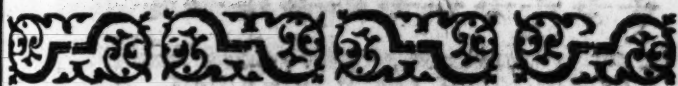
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*The fyne Advyce Jock gied his Ded.
Zeil ken qhuen ze thir Lynes haif red.*

JOCK quod his Ded, quhat will me eisy make?
With standing my Legs tyre, and quhen I kneil
My Kneis are pynd, ganging gars my Feit ake;
Lying irks my Back; and gif I sit I feil
My Hipps ar hurt; and lein I neir lac weil,
My Elbuck smarts—Quod *Jock*, Pain to exyle
Since all these eise not, best ein hing a quhyle.

A N S W E R.

I Thank ze, *Jock*, for your advyce,
My kyndly Cock, I thank ze, *Jock*,
Weil have ze spoke and counchild nyce;
I thank ze, *Jock*, for your advyce.



*The Ballat of the Reid-Squair, fought on
7th July 1576.*

I.
ON July seventh, the Suth to say,
At the Reid-Squair The Fryth was set,
Our Wardens they affixt the Day,
And as they promist, sae they met :
Allace ! that Day I'll neir forzet,
Was sure sae feird, and then sae fain,
They came ther Justice for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

II.

CARMICHAELL was our Warden then,
He caust the Countrey to convene,
And the Laird *Watt*, that worthy Man,
Brocht in his Surname weil be sene :
The *Armstrangs* that ay haif bene
A hardy House, but not a bail ;
The *Eliots* Honours to mentain,
Broucht in the laif of *Liddisdail*.

The Ballat of the Reid-Squair. 225

THEN *Twidail* came to with *Spaid*,
The Scherif brocht the *Douglas* down,
With *Cranstane*, *Gladstane*, gude at *Ncid*,
Baith *Rewls-Watter* and *Hawick-Town*.
Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the *Trumbulls* strang and stout;
The *Ruthersfuirds*, with grit *Renoun*,
Convoyit the Toun of *Jedbruch* out.

IV.

WITH uther *Clanns* I can nocht tell,
Because our *Wairning* was nocht wyde;
Be this our *Folk* hes tane the *Fell*,
And plantit *Pallions* thair to byde:
We lukit down the uther *Syde*,
And saw cum breisting owre the *Brae*;
And *Sr George Foster* was thair *Gyde*,
With *Fyftene* hundrid *Men* and *mae*.

V.

It greivt him fair that *Day* I trow,
With *Sr John Hinrope* of *Schiffshulhouse*,
Because we wer not *Men* enow,
He counted us not worth a *Soufe*;

226 *The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.*

Sr George was gentill meik and douse,
But he was hail, and het as Fyre:
But zit for all his Cracking crouse,
He rew'd the Raid of the *Reid squyre*.

VI.

To deil with proud Men is but Pain,
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
Or els nae Answer mak again,
But play the Beist, and let him be.
It was nae Wondir, tho he was hie,
Had *Tynjall*, *Redsdaile* at his Hand,
With *Cuckdaile*, *Gladsgaile* on the Lic,
Auld Hebfrime and *Northumberland*.

VII.

Zit was our Meiting meik enough,
Begun with Mirrines and Mows,
And at the Brae abune the Heugh
The Clerk sat down to call the Rows,
And sum for Ky and sum for Ewis,
Callit in of *Dandrie*, *Hob* and *Jock*,
I saw cum merching owre the Knows,
Fyve hundred *Fennicks* in a Flock.

VIII.

WITH Jack and Speir, and Bowis all bent,
And warlick Weaponis at thair Will;

Howbeit we wer not weil content,

Zit be my Trowth we feird nae Ill:

Sum zeid to drink, and sume stude still,

And sum to Cairds and Dyce them sped,

Quhyle on ane Farstein they syld a Bill,

And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

CARMICHAELL bad them speik out plainly,

And cloke nae Cause for Ill nor Gude,

The uther answering him full vainly,

Begouth to reckon Kin and Blude,

He raise and raxd him quhair he stude,

And bad him match him with his Marrows;

Then *Tyndall* hard these Resouns rude,

And they lute aff a Flicht of Arrows.

X.

THEN was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,

And ilka Man pullit out ane Brand,

A *Schastan* and a *Fennick* their,

Gude *Symmington* was slain frae Hand.

228 *The Ballad of the Reid-Squair.*

The *Scotismen* cryd on ather to stand,
Frae *Gymie* they saw *John Robson* slain :

Quhat suld they cry ! The *Kings* Command
Culd cause nae Cowards turn again.

XI.

Up raise the Laird to red the Cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boist,
Quhat suld we do with sic a Number,

Fyve thousand Men, into an Host ?

Then *Henric Purdie* proud he cost,
And verie narrowlie had Mishield him,

And ther we had our *Warden* lost,
Wart not the grit God he relivd him.

XII.

ANE uther throw the Breiks him bair,

Quhyle flatlines to the Ground he fell :
Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,

Into my Heart it struk a knell ;

Zit up he raisd, the Truth to tell,
And laid about him Duntsfull dour,

His Horsemen they fatcht stout and snell,
And stude about him in the Stour.

The Ballad of the Reid Squair. 219

XIII.

THEN rais'd the Slogan with ane Schout,

Fy, Tyndall to it, Jedburgh heirs

I trow he was not half sae stout,

But anes his Stomak was a Steir,

With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Spair,

He micht se mony a crackit Crown,

But up among the Merchant Geir

The Buffie wer as we were down.

XIV.

THE Swallow-tail frae Teckles flew,

Fyve hundred Bain into the Flicht,

But we had Pestlelets ane,

And schot among them as we might.

With help of God the Game gade richt,

Frae Tyme the foremost of them fell;

Hynd owre the Know, without Gude-night,

They ran with mony a Schout and Zell;

XV.

AND after they had turned again,

Zit Tyndall Mee they turned again,

And had not bene the Merchant Packs,

There had bene mae of Scotland's Gains

230 *The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.*

But JE: u gif the Folk was fain
To put the Buffing on thair Theis,
And sae they fled with all thair Main,
Doun owre the Brae lyke clogged Beis.

XVI.

SR *Francis Russell* tane was thair,
And hurt, as we heir Men reherse;
Proud *Wallingtoun* was wounded fair,
Albeit he was a *Fennick* ferfs,
But gif ze wald a Souldier serche
Amang them all was tane that Night,
Was nane sae wordie of our Verse
As *Colingwood* that courteous Knight.

XVII.

ZUNG *Henrie* skapit Hame, is hurt,
A Souldier schot him with a Bow,
Scotland has Cause to mak grit Sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of *Mow*.
The Laird *Watt* did weil indeid
His Friends stude stoutly by himsell,
With litle *Gladstone*, gude in Neid,
For *Gretein* kend not Gude be Ill.

The Ballat of the Reid-Squair. 231

XVIII.

THE Scheriff wantit not Gude-will,
Howbeit he nicht not sicht sae fast :
Benjeadart, Hundlie and Hunthill,
Three, on they laid weil at the last,
Except the Horsemen of the Gaird ;
If I could put men to avail,
Nane stoutlier stude out for thair Laird,
Nor did the Lads of *Liddisdale*.

XIX.

BUT litle Harnise had we thair,
But auld *Badrule* had on a Jack,
And did richt weil, I zou declair,
With all the *Trumbulls* at his Back.
Gude *Ederstane* was not to lack,
With *Kirktown, Newtown, Nobill-Men,*
Thir is all the Specialls I haif spak,
Forby them that I could nocht ken,

XX.

QUHA did invent that Day of Play,
We neid nocht feir to find him lunc,
For Sr *John Foster*, I dare weil say,
Maid us that noysome Afternoon:

232 *The Eagle and Robin Red-breist.*

Nor that I speik precisely out,
That he supposd it wald be perrill,
But Pryde and breaking out, but Dout,
Gart Tyndall Lads begin the Quarrell.



T H E

Eagle and Robin Red-breist.

THE Prince of all the fetherd Kynd,
That with speed Wings out fleis the Wind,
And tours far out of humane sight
To view the schynapt Deb of Licht:
This Ryall Bird, the braif and great,
And armit strang for stern Dehoit,
Nae Tyrant is but, condescends
Aftymes to treit inferior Friends.

ANE Day at his Command did flock
To his hie Palace on a Rock,
The Courtiers of ilk various Syze
That swiftly swim in Chrystal Skye;

The Eagle and Robin Red-breist. 233

Thither the valiant *Tyrals* daup,
And heir rapacious *Carbim* crow,
With greidy *Gleds* and *Gie-Gannaks*,
And dinfome *Pyis* and clatterin *Dow*;
Proud *Pecoeks*, and a hundred mae,
Bruscht up thair Pens that, solemn *Day*,
Bowd first submissive to my Lord,
Then tuke thair Places at his *Borde*.

MEIN Tyme quhyle felling on a Fawn
And drinking Blude frae *Lamiet* drawn,
A tunefull *Robin* trig and zong,
Hard by upon a *Bour-tree* song.
He sang the *Eagles* Ryall *Lyne*.
His perling *Ee* and *Richt* diuine,
To sway out-owre the fetherit *Thrang*,
Quha dreid his martial *Bill* and sang:
His *Flicht* sublime, and *Eild* renewit,
His *Mynd* with *Clemencie* endewit;
In faster *Notes* he sung his *Luve*,
Mair hie his bearing *Bolts* for *Jove*.

234 *The Eagle and Robin Red-breist.*

THE Monarch Bird with Blythness hard
 The chaunting lital Silvan Bard,
 Calit up a Buzart, quha was than
 His Favourite and Chamberlane,
 Swith to my Treasury, quod he,
 And to yon canty Robin gie
 As mekle of our currant Geir
 As may mentain him throw the Zeir;
 We can weil spairt, and its his Due,
 He bad, and furth the Judas flew,
 Straight to the Brench quhair Robin sung,
 And with awickit lieand Tung,
 Said, Ah! ze sing sae dull and ruch,
 Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than enuch,
 His Majestie hes a nyse Ecir,
 And nae mair of zour Stuff can beir;
 Pok up zour Pypes, be nae mair sene
 At Court, I warn ye as a Frein.

He spak, quhyle Robinis swelling Breist
 And drouping Wings his Grief exprest;

The Eagle and Robin Red-breist. 235

The Teirs ran happing down his Cheik,
Grit grew his Hairs he cou'd nocht speik,
No for the Tinsell of Rewaird,
But that his Notis met nae Regaird;
Straicht to the Schaw he spred his Wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,
Quhair Princelie Bountie is suppress,
By sic with quhome they ar oppress,
Quha cannot beir (because they want it.)
That ocht suld be to Merit grantit.

Quod An, Scot.



Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.

I.

THE Paip, that begane full of Pryde,
He hes us blindit lang

For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,

Na Wonder thay ga wrange

Lyke Prince and King the led the Ring

Of all iniquitie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wed-Trie

II.

Bot his Abhominatioun

The LORD hes brocht to Licht,

His Popische Pryde and thrinfald Crowne

Almaist hes lost thair Micht.

His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,

Of new found Vanitie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

His Cardinallis hes Cam to morbe,

His Bischoppis borne aback;

His Abbotis gat ane duntouch Fardes

Quhen Schavelingis went to fard

With Burges Wyll chapled thair Lyvin

And sure better nor we,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

His Carmelites and Jacobines,

His Dominiks had greit Do,

His Cordeleiris and Augustines,

Sanct Frances Ordour to,

Thay fillie Freiris many Zeiris,

With babling blerit our Ec,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

THE Sisters gray, befor this Day,

Did crune within thair Cloister,

Thay feit ane Freir thair Keyis to beir,

The Feind reffave the Follie:

Syne in the Mirk he will cold wirl,

And kittill them wantounlie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VI.

THE blind Bischop he culd nocht preiche,

For playing with the Lassis;

The syllic Freir behuffit to fleiche,

For Almous that he assis;

The Curat his Creid he culd nocht reid,

Schame fall the Companie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VII.

THE Bischop wald nocht wed ane Wyfe,

The Abbote not perfew ane

Thinkand it was ane lustie Lyfe,

Ilk Day to have ane new ane,

In everie Place ane uncouth Face,

His Lust to satisfie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VIII.

THE Persoun wald nocht have ane Hure,

Bot twa, an thay war bony;

The Vicar (thocht he was pure)

Behuiffit to have als mony;

The Pareis Priest, that brutall Beist,

He polit thame privelie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

Of Scotland well, the Fréins of Faill,
The Lymmerie lang hes leslit,
The Monkis of Melros maid gude Kail
On Frydayis, quhen thay fallit;
The fillie Nonnis keist up thair Bunnis,
And heisit thair Hippis on hie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Trie



On the Mes.

I.

K NAW ze not GOD omnipotent,
He creat Man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his Commandement,
And eit of the forbidden Tre;
Had not that blisfit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis zour Lyves had bene forlorne,
For all zour Mes.

II.

Sen we war all to Sin maid sure,
 Throw *Adam's* Inobedience,
 (Sait *CHRIST*) thair was na Creature,
 Maid Sacrifice for our offence;
 Thair is na Sanct may save zour Saull,

Pre ze transgress;

Suppois Sanct *Peter* and Sanct *Paull*

Had baith said Mes.

III.

KNAWING thair is na Christ bot ane,
 Quhilk Rent was on the Rude with Roddis;
 Quhy give ze Glorie to Stock and Stane,
 In worshipping of uther Goddis?
 Thir Idoles that on Altaris standis,

As *Pennocitnes*,

Ze gat not GOD among zour Handis,

Mumling zour Mes.

IV.

AND sen na Sanct zour Saull may save,
 Perchance ze will speir at me than,
 How may the Paip thir Pardounis have,
 With Power baith of Beist and Man?

Throw nathing bot ane senceit Faith,

For Halynels

Inventit Wayis to get rhome Graith,

Lyke as the Mes.

V.

Or Marriage ze maid zou quyte,

Thinking it Thraldome to refraine:

Wanting of Wyffis is Appetyte,

That Courage nicht increas againe;

Thay honny Lippis, ze did persew,

Grew Gall 1 ges,

Thinking it was Contritioun trew,

To daunce ane Mes.

VI.

GIF God was maid of Bittis of Braid,

Eit ze not ouklic sax or sevin,

As it had bene a mortall Feid,

Quhill ze had almaist heryit Hevin,

Als mony Devilis ze maen devoir,

Quhill Hell grow les,

Or doutles we dar nocht restoir

Zou to zour Mes.

VII.

Gif Cod be transubstantiall;
 In Breid, with *hoc est corpus meum*,
 Quhy war ze sa unnaturall,
 As tak him in zour Teith and sla him?

Tripairtit and devydit him

At zour dum Dres,

Bot God knawis how ze gydit him

Mumling zour Mes.

VIII.

Ze partit with Dame Povertie,
 Tuke Propertie to be zour Wyfe,
 Fra Charitie and Chastitie,
 With Licharie ze led zour Lyfe;
 That raisit the Mother of Mischief,
 Zour Gredynes,
 Belveing ay to get Relief
 For saying Mes.

IX:

O wickit vain Venerienes,
 Ze are not Sanctis (thocht ze seme baly)
 Proude poysonit *Epicuriens*,
 Quhilk had na God bot zour awin Bellie:

Belve, ze Lownis, the LORD allowis
Zour Idilness,
Lang or the Sweit cum owir zour Browis
For saying Mes.

X.

HAD not zourselſ begun the Weiris,
Zour Stepillis had bene standand zit:
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
That ever gart Sanct *Frances* flit;
Ze grew ſa ſuperſtitious

In Wickitnes,
It gart us grow malicious,
Contrair zour Mes.

XI.

OUR Biſchoppis ar degenerate,
Thocht thay be mountit upon Mulis,
With Huredome cleene effeminate,
And Freiris oft tymes previs Fulis;
For duſtiſit and bob at Evin,
Do ſa increſ,
Hes drevin ſum of them to teine,
For all thair Mes

XII.

CHRIST keip all faithfull Christianis
From perverſt Pryde and Papſtrie ;

GOD grant thame trew Intelligens
Of his Law, Word and Veritie ;

GOD grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,
Synce Blis poſſes,

Throw Faith on CHRIST all that depend,
And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

SEN Mes is nathing ellis to ſay,
Bot ane wickit Invention,
Without Authoritie, or Stay,
Of Scripture, or Foundation :

Gif Kings wald Mes to Rome hence dryve
With Haillines,

Suld be the Meane to have belyve
Ane End of Mes.



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On Purgatorie.

I.

OF the fals Fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in aye Spunk;
Thairfoir sayis Gedde, Wayis me,
Gone is Preist, Frier and Monk.

II.

THE Reik sa wonder deir thay solde
For Money, Gold and Landis,
Quhill have the Riches on the Molde,
Is seafit in thair Handis.

III.

THAY knew nathing bot Coveitice
And Lufe of Paramouris,
And lat the Saulis burne and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

Q3-

IV.

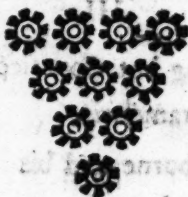
At Corps Presence thay wald sing,
 For Ryches, to slokkin the Fyre:
 Bot all pure Folk that had nathing
 Was skaldit vaine and lyre.

V.

Zit sat they heich in Parliament,
 Lyke Lordis of greit Renowne,
 Untill now that the New Testament
 Hes it and thame brocht downe.

VI.

And thocht thay fuffe at it, and blaw
 Ay quhill thair Bellyis ryve,
 The mair thay blaw, full weill thay know
 The mair it dois misthryve.





HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.

STATELY stept he East the Wa,
 And stately stept he West,
 Full Seventy Ziers he now had sene,
 With skerfs sevin Ziers of Rest.

He livit quhen *Britons* Breach of Faith
 Wroucht *Scotland* meikle Wae:

And ay his Sword tauld to their Cost,

He was their deidly Fae.

Q 4

II.

HIE on a Hill his Castle stude,
 With Halls and Touris a Nicht,
 And guidly Chambers fair to se,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.
 His Dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For Chast and Bewtie deint,
 Nae Marrow had in all the Land,
 Saif *Elenor* the Quene.

III.

FULF Thirtein Sons to him scho bare,
 All Men of Valeur stout;
 In bluidy Ficht with Sword in Hand
 Nyne lost their Lives bot doubt;
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To stand by Liege and Land:
 Hie was their Fame, hie was their Micht,
 And hie was their Command.

IV.

GREAT Luvie they bare to *Fairly* fair,
 Their Sister fast and deir,
 Her Girdle shawd her Middle gimp,
 And gowden glist her Hair.

Quhat wae fou wae hir Bewtie bred?

Wae fou to zung and auld,

Wae fou I trow to Kyth and Kin,

As Story ever tauld.

V.

THE King of Norfe in Summer Tyde,

Puft up with Powir and Micht,

Landed in fair *Scotland* the Yle,

With mony a hardy Knight:

The Tydings to our gude *Scots* King

Came, as he sat at Dyne,

With noble Chiefs in braif Aray,

Drinking the Blude reid Wync.

VI.

"To Horfe, to Horfe, my *Ryal* Liege,

"Zour *Faer* stand on the Strand,

"Full Twenty thousand glittering Speare

"The King of *Norfe* commands.

Bring me my Stead *Mage* dapple gray,

Our gude King raise and cry'd,

A trustier Beast in all the Land

A *Scots* King awar sayd.

VII.

*Go, little Page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on Hill so bie,
To draw his Sword, the Dried of Fae,
And haste and follow me.*

*The little Page flew swift as Dart
Flung by his Masters Arm,
Cum down, cum down Lord Hardyknute
And rid your King frae Harm.*

VIII.

*Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown Chicks,
Sae did his dark-brown Brow;
His Luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In Danger great to do;*

*He hes tane a Horn as grene as Glas,
And gien five Sounds sae shrill,
That Tries in grene Wod schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka Hill.*

IX.

*His Sons in manly Sport and Glee,
Had past the Summers Morn,
Quhen lo down in a grassy Dale,
They heard their Fatheris Horn.*

*That Horn, quod they, neir sounds in Peace,
We haif other Sport to byde;
And sune they heyd them up the Hill,
And sune were at his Syde.*

X.

*LATE late Zestrene I weind in Peace
To end my lengthned Lyfe,
My Age nicht weil excuse my Arm
Frae many Feats of Stryfe;
But now that Norſe dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to intbral,
His neir be said of Hardyknute,
He seird to fight or fall.*

XI.

*ROBIN of Rothſay, bend thy Bow,
Thy Arrows schute ſae leil,
Mony a comely Countenance
They haif turnd to deidly Pale:
Brade Thomas tak ze but your Lance,
Ze neid nae Weapons mair,
Giſ ze ſicht weit as ze did ones
Gainſt Weſtmorelands ſerſs Heir.*

XII.

*MALCOM, licht of Fute as Stag,
That runs in Forest wyld,
Get me my Thousands Thrie of Men
Well bred to Sword and Schield:
Bring me my Horse and Harnysine
My Blade of Metall cleir.
If Facs kend but the Hand it bare,
They sune had fled for Feir.*

XIII.

*FAREWEIL my Dame sae peirless gude,
And tuke hir by the Hand,
Fairer to me in Age zou sein,
Than Maids for Bewtie samd:
My zoungest Son sall here remain
To guard these stately Towirs,
And shut the Silver Bolt that keeps,
Sae fast your painted Bowirs.*

XIV.

*AND first scho wet hir comely Chicks,
And then hir Boddice grene,
Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twist,
Weil plett with Silver schene;*

And Apron set with mony a Dice
Of Neidle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae Hand, as ze may guess,
Saif that of *Fairly fair*.

XV.

AND he has ridden owre Muir and Moss
Owre Hills and Mony a Glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded Knight
Making a heavy Mane,
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By Treacheries Jalse Gyles :
Wittles I was that eir gais Faith
To wicked Womans Smyler.

XVI.

SR Knight, gin ze were in my Bower,
To lean on Silken Seat,
My Ladyis kyndlie Care woud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly Hate :
Hir self wald watch ze all the Day,
Hir Maids a deid of Nicht ;
And Fairly fair zour Heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in your Sicht.

XVII.

*ARYSE, zounge Knicht, and mount zour Steid,
Full lowns the schynand Day.*

*Gheis frae my Menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the Way.*

*With smylefs Luke and Vilage wan,
The wounded Knicht replyd,*

*Kynd Chistain, zour Intent pursue,
For heir I maun abyde.*

XVIII.

*TO me nae after Day nor Nicht,
Can eir be sweit or fair,*

*But sune beneath sum draping Trie,
Culd Deith fall end my Care.*

*With him nae Pleiding nicht prevail,
Braif Hardyknute to gain,*

*With fairest Words and Reason strang,
Straif courteously in vain.*

XIX

SYNE he has gane far hynd attowre,

Lord Chattans Land sae wyde,

That Lord a worthy Wicht was ay,

Quhen Faes his Courage scyd:

Of *Pictish* Race by Mothers Syde,
 Quhen *Picts* rul'd *Caledon*,
 Lord *Chattan* claimd the Princely Maid,
 Quhen he saist *Pictish* Crown.

XX.

Now with his feris and stalwart Train,
 He reicht a ryling Heicht,
 Quhair braid encampit on the Dale,
 Norst Army lay in Sicht ;
 Zonder my valziant Sons and feris,
 Our raging Revers wait
 On the unconquerit Scottish fwaird
 To try with us thair Fate.

XXI.

MAK Orisons to him that saist
 Our Souls upon the Rude,
 Syne braisly schaw zour Veins are filld
 With Caledonian Blude,
 Then furth he drew his Trusty Glaive,
 Quhyle Thousands all arround,
 Drawn frae their Sheaths glanst in the Sun,
 And loud the Bougills sound.

XXII.

To join his King adoun the Hill
 In Haft his Merch he made,
 Quhytle, playand Pibrochs Minstralls meit
 Afore him stately strade,
Thryse welcum valiant Steup of Weir.
 Thy Nations Schield and Pryde;
 Thy King nae Reason has to feir
Quhen thou art be his Syde.

XXIII.

QUHEN Bows were bent and Darts were throwne,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The Darts clove Arrows as they met,
 The Arrows dart the Trie.
 Lang did they rage and fight full ferls,
 With little Skaith to Man,
 But bludy, bludy was the Field,
 Or that lang Day was done.

XXIV.

THE King of Scots that findle broikd
 The War that lukit lyke Play,
 Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,
 Sen Bows seimt but Delay :

Good noble Rothsay, Myne I'll keip,

I wate its bleid a Shore,

Hast up my merry men, cryd the King,

As he rade on before,

XXV.

THE King of Norſe he ſocht to find,

With him to menſe the Faucht,

But on his Forehead there did light,

A ſharp unſonſe Shaft;

As he his Hand put up to find

The Wound, an Arrow kent,

O waeſou Chance! there pinad his Head

In miſt betwene his Ene.

XXVI.

REVENGE, revenge, cryd Rothſays Heir,

Your Mail-coat ſall nocht byde

The Strength and Sharpneſs of my Dart;

Then ſent it through his Syde:

Another Arrow weil he markd,

It perſit his Neck in twa,

His Hands then quat the ſilver Reins,

He law as Eard did fa.

R.

XXVII.

SAIR bleids my Liege, *sair, sair* he bleids.

Again with micht he drew

And Gesture dreid his sturdy Bow,

Fast the braid Arrow flew:

Wae to the Knight he etiled at,

Lament now Quene *Elgrid*,

Hie Dames to wail zour Darling's Fall,

His Zouth and comely Meid.

XXVIII.

TAKE aff, take aff his costly *Jupe*

(Of Gold weil was it twygd,

Knit lyke the Fowlers Net throuch quhilk

His steily Harness shynd)

Take, *Norse*, that Gift frae me, and bid

Him venge the Blude it beirs;

Say, if he face my banded Bow,

He sure nae Weapon feirs.

XXIX.

PROUD Norse with Giant Body tall,

Braid Shoulder and Arms strong,

Cryd, *Qubair* is *Hardyknote* sae famd,

And seird at Britains Throne:

The Britons tremble at his Name,

I sune sall make him wail,

That eir my Sword was made sae sharp,

Sae fast his Coat of Mail.

XXX.

THAT Brag his stout Heart could na byde,

It lent him zouthfu Micht:

I'm Hardyknute this Day, he cryd,

To Scotlands King I bescht,

To lay thee law as Horjes Hufe,

My Word I mean to keep.

Syne with the first Strake eir he strake,

He garrd his Body heid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene lyke gray Goshawks staid wyld,

He sicht with Shame and Spyte;

Disgracd is now my far samd Arm

Tha! lest thee Power to fryke:

Then gaif his Head a Blaw sae fell,

It made him down to stoup,

As law as he to Ladies usit

In courtly Gylf to lout.

R.

XXXII.

FULL fune he rais'd his bent Body,

His Bow he marvelld fair,
Sen Blaws till then on him but darid

As Touch of Fairly fair:

Norfe ferliet too as fair as he

To se his stately Luke,

Sae fune as eir he strake a Fae,

Sae fune his Lyfe he toke.

XXXIII.

QUHAIR lyke a Fyre to Hether fet,

Bauld Thomas did advance,

A sturdy Fae with Luke engagd

Up towards him did prance;

He spurd his Steid throw thickest Ranks

The hardy Zouth to quell

Quha stude unmusit at his Approach

His Furie to repell.

XXXIV.

THAT schort brown Shafe far meanly trimd,

Lukis lyke poor Scotlande Geir,

But dreidfull seems the rusty Poynt

And loud he leuch in Jeir.

Aft Britains Blude has dimd its Shyne

This Baynt cut short their Hunt;

Syne piered the boisteris bairded Cheik,

Nae Tyme he take to tanght.

XXXV.

SCHORT quhyle he in his Sadill swang,

His Stirrip was nae Stay,

Sae feible hang his unbent Knee,

Sure taken he was fey;

Swith on the hardened Clay he fell,

Richt far was hard the Thud,

But *Thomas* lukit not as he lay

All waltering in his Blude.

XXXVI.

WITH cairless Gesture Mynd unmuvit

On raid he North the Plain,

His seim in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,

Quhen Winner ay the same;

Nor zit his Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik,

Coud melle fast Lave to bruike,

Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his Scorn,

Then languid grew his Luke.

XXXVII.

IN Thrawis of Death, with wallowit Chick
 All panting on the Plaib,
 The fainting Corps of Warriours lay,
 Neir to aryse again;
 Neir to return to native Land,
 Nae mair with blythsome Sounds,
 To boist the Glories of the Day,
 And schaw thair Shyning Wounds.

XXXVIII.

ON *Norways* Coast the Widowit Dame
 May wash the Rocks with Teirs,
 May lang luke owre the Schiples Seis
 Befoir hir Mate appeirs.
 Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in Vain,
 Thy Lord lyis in the Clay,
 The valziant Scots nae *Revers* thole
 To carry Lyfe away.

XXXIX.

THERE ON a Lie quhair stands a Cross
 Set up for Monument,
 Thousands full fierce that Summers Day
 Fild kene Waris black Intent,

Hardyknute.

263

Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise *Hardyknute*,

Let *Norse* the Name ay dried,

Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,

Sal latest Ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the westlin Wind,

Sair beat the heavy Showir,

Mirk grew the Nichte eir *Hardyknute*

Wan neir his stately Tower,

His Towir that usd with Torches bleise

To shyne sae far at Nicht,

Scimd now as black as mourning Weid,

Nae Marvel sair he sichd.

XLI.

THAIRS nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir

Thair nae Licht in my Hall;

Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,

Nor Ward stands on my Wall.

Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say

Nae Answer fits their Dreid.

Stand back, my Sons, I'll be your Gyde,

But by they past with Speid.

XLII.

AS fast I haif sped owre Scotland's Faes,

There crist his Brag of Weir,

Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his Dame,

And Maiden Fairly fair.

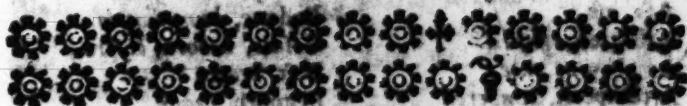
Black Feir he felt, but quhat to feir

He wist not zit with Dreid;

Sair schuke his Body, fair his Limbs,

And all the Warrior fled.





GLOSSARY:

OR,

An EXPLANATION of the Scots Words.

A

A All
A Abaid Abade, *abode stay-
 ed*
 Abaisit, *abashed*
 Abeit, *albeit*
 Abergown, *coat of mail*
 Ablens, *perhaps*
 Aboise, *above, above*
 Abulziement, *habit*
 Abunc, *above*
 Adoun, *downward*
 Aft, *of*
 Aft, *after, oft often*
 Affir, *for good*
 Afrey, *Fear*
 Agk, *aged*
 Agast, *afrighted*
 Aldir, *either*
 Aik, *oak*

A R

Ain, *own*
 Aits, *oats*
 Air, *time Past*
 Air, *soon, early, Rem heir*
 Aith, *oath*
 Akertraid, *breadth of an acre*
 Alast, *aloft*
 Allane, *alone*
 Almous, *alms*
 Alkynd, *kind, or sort of*
 Ala, *as, and*
 Amene, *pleasant*
 Anc, *one*
 Anes, *anis, once*
 Antetewme, *Example*
 Apenit, *opened*
 Aplicis, *please*
 Arles, *carroll*

Artillzie, artillery
 As, ask
 Assalziel, assailed
 Attains, at once
 Attemperit, tempered
 Attowre, out over
 Attercap, a wasp
 Avalziel, availed
 Adventure, adventure
 Aver, a horse
 Averil, senseless fellow
 Aucht, ought, item eight.
 Auld, old
 Aw, owe
 Awin, own
 Awis, ows
 Aureat, golden
 Ayd, aid
 Avyse, advice
 Aynd, breath

B A

B AID, bade, did abide
 Band, bound
 Banes or Bains, bones
 Bair, bare
 Bannocks, Bread
 Bairn, Bern, child, youth
 Baith, both
 Bale, or Beal, sorrow
 Balmis, embalmed
 Ban, to curse
 Bang, to move hastily
 Barbir, barbarous
 Barbulziet, to confuse
 Barret, a sort of liquor
 Barrow Trams, Staves of a
 Barrow
 Barm, yeast
 Barmy, fermented and muddy
 Bauld, bold

Bawsy, white fac'd
 Badene, immediately
 Beroit, before, before
 Best, beaten
 Begouth, began
 Begyllit, beguiled
 Behald, behold
 Behoit, behave
 Bell, any shelter against the
 inclemency of the weather
 Belvye, immediately
 Bellies, bellows
 Beik, to bask or warm
 Beims, beams
 Beir, to bear item to mean
 Beir, barley
 Beit, help
 Ben, inner part of a house
 Bene, bean
 Bene, been
 Bent, the field
 Berkit, barkand
 Beseik, beseech
 Beswakit, blanched
 Betwisch, betwixt
 Bewis, bought
 Bewtie, beauty
 Bezond, beyond
 Bigg, build
 Biggit, built
 Bikkerit, contended
 Bink, bench
 Bin, been
 Biquour or Bicker a large cup
 or dish
 Birkin Bobyns, a knot of birch
 leaves
 Bir, bristle
 Birn to burn
 Birnis, burnished
 Bisslie, buslie

- Blad, a *stork*, item, a big
piece of —
Blac, livid
Bland, to mix
Blasby, wet
Blate, bashful
Blaw, blow
Bleber, to bable
Bledoch, butter milk
Blair, to make the eyes red or
dim
Blent looked
Blether, to stammer and speak
nonsense
Blink, a small sight item to
sparkle
Blinkit, looked hastily
Blume, bloom
Blude, blood
Bodin, furnished
Bodword, message
Bocht, bought
Bog, marsh
Boist, to boast
Bok, to vomit
Bony, beautiful item little
Boatings or Baining, Boots
Bot but, item without
Bougars, Rasters
Bouk, the body, item bulk
Bonzil a young bull, item his
horn
Boun, ready to go
Bourd, a sport, item to sport
Bowstous, bawstous
Bowster, a bolster
Bow, a fold of cattle
Brand, a sword
Brawnd, the muscles
Branglit, brandished
Brast, brave
Brankand, prancing
Brattle, to clasp
Braw, brave, fine
Brae, side of a hill, Bank of
a river
Braid, broad item to baste,
arise
Braids or Brade, is like, or
takes after
Bras or brace, Embrace
Brash, brash
Breiks, breeches
Bright, bright
Brie, eye brow
Brilzean, brilliant
Brim, fierce
Brocht, brought
Brod, to prick or spur
Brock, the badger
Browdin, fond of
Browster, brewer
Brudie, teeming, fertile
Bruik brook or enjoy
Bruikit, blackened
Brukil, brittle
Brynt, brunt
Bud, brybe
Buke or Buik, book
Buith, booth or shop
Buith-meal, shop rent
Buiting, booty
Bundin, bound
Bun, arse
Bure did bear
Burn a brook
Burde, board
Burdown, a palmers staff
Bashment, men laying in am-
bush
Buls, a buff
Bute, help, advantage
But and bot, without
Byre, cow house

C A

C A call

Cabroch, poor lean flesh

Cadgers, biglers

Calit, called

Champion champion

Cankart, angry, new, ulcerated

Canny, happy convenient

Canty, cheerful

Caprousy an upper Garment

Carline, an old woman

Carp, to talk

Carvel a kind of ship

Cast, & throw

Cative or Captif Captive or Slave

Cawd called

Cawf, calf

Cawk, chalk

Cawkit, did fyte

Cauld, cold

Ceis, to cease

Celcirude, bigbness

Celest, heavenly

Chalmer, chamber

Chaip, eshape

Chafits, the chops

Chak, to check

Chat, to hang on a gallows

Cheil, a person

Cheir, sheer item, cheer

Chenzie, Chain

Chercis, cherish

Glam Shells, scalop shells

Clan, a Tribe

Clashes, idle tales

Clash to throw dirt

Claith, cloath

Clais, cloaths

Clatter, chatter

Claw, to scratch

Cleft, the cleaving

Clene, clean

Clerk, generally used for a learned Man

Clewis or Cleucha, cliffs

Cleik it, laid bold on

Cleith, cloath

Cleuch, hollow betwixt hills

Clipit, called

Clips, Eclips

Clukks, Beetles

Clod, to throw.

Cluds, clouds

Cluke, to boot

Clum or clam, climbed

Cluves, hoves

Codroch, miserable and nasty

Combure, to burn

Coft, bought

Con, the Squirrel

Comich, comick

Corbie, a Raven

Corinoch a highland tune

Cowhowby, comberd

Cows, cut or clipped

Courtas, curious

Couth, cold item familiar

Covetice, Covetousness

Cows, to stoop and creep slow

Crabit, surly, angry

Craig, the neck, horn a rock

Crak, crave

Craw, the crew

Crap, did creep

Craik, to croak

Crawdon, fair hearted

Creish, grease

Creils, baskets

Crouse, brist and bold

Cruif a lodge

D

Dryne,

Crum,

Cule,

Cum c

Cunzie

Cun, t

Cumm

Culron

Curch

linn

Cuik,

Curpa

Culte,

Cute,

trif

DA

me

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Daw,

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Deid

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dri

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Dem

Dem

nin

Depa

Depa

Dera

bo

Cryne, wither and grow less
 Crum, a little bit
 Cule, cool
 Cum come
 Cunzie coyn
 Cun, taste
 Cummerkom *traveller's*
 Culroun, a rascal
 Curches, herchiefs or beads
 linnen
 Cuik, cook
 Curpal, Crupper
 Custe, did cast, item *monit*
 Cute, ankle, joint, item
 trifle

D A

DAE, do

Dast, mad, foolish,
 merry
 Dairthful, dear
 Dander, wander carelessly
 Dang, defeat
 Danton, to quell
 Dapill, dapple
 Daw, dawn, item a sluggard
 Dawing, dawning
 Deave or Deif, to deafen
 Deid, dead, it death, it, dead
 Dell, deal, item devil
 Dink, dyuk, saucy, item, finely
 dress
 Denty, fine
 Deme, to deem
 Demyng, condemning or dam-
 ning
 Depaitt, to divide
 Depaynt, painted
 Deray, Noise, sporting, Gam-
 bols.
 Derch, a dwarf
 Dern, Secret
 Derth, dearth
 Desavit, deceived
 Det, debt
 Devalling, descending, *hast-*
 ly.
 Dew, due
 Diche, to clean, item *dress*
 decks
 Ding, to beat or overcome
 Ding, worthy
 Dirtin, besitten
 Dengie, to design
 Docht, could availed
 Dochter, daughter
 Dois, does
 Dok, arse
 Dont, moss
 Doss, neat regular
 Up dost, put in order.
 Dow, to be able
 Dow, dove
 Dowbart, dull Fellow
 Douchty, hardy, valiant
 Dowf, heavy fool item dull
 melancholy
 Dour, sulken hard
 Dous, solid, grave
 Draif, drave
 Drait or Dret, spit.
 Drawkit, wet
 Drie to endure.
 Dreich, tedious
 Dreiry, lonsome and mournful
 Dring, a miser
 Droich, a dwarf
 Drone, to act lazily
 Droukit, drenched
 Droup, to droop
 Dryt, bite
 Dwam, qualify

Dubs, mire and little pools
Duds, rags
Duils, goals
Dule, pain
Dume, doom
Dum, dumb
Dunt, to beat hard
Dung, beaten
Duns, doors
Dwalm, to swoon or take a
quail

Dyne to dine
Dynt, stroak
Dyvour, a bankrupt

E A

EARD, Ecird, or Erde,
earth

Ec, eye,
 Edert, Edward
 Edder-stangit, stung by an
 adder
 Egil, the Eagle
 Ek, to add item also
 Eild, age
 Eir, ear item e'er
 Eirynets, fear of spirits and
 goblins
 Eise, ease
 Eit, to eat
 Eith, easy
 Eme, uncle
 Empathed, hindered
 Elbuck, elbow
 Elritch, glostly, wild, lone-
 some
 Enameilit, enamelit
 Enc, eyes
 Enuch, enough

Ensenzie, *enough*
 Ersch, *irish*
 Eatle, *to aim*
 Esperance, *hope*
 Eschapis, *escaped*
 Everichone, *every one*
 Eydently, *see ithundly*
 Eyndle, *to be jealous*
 Eyalng, *jealousy*

F A

F A, fall
Fae, for
Falsct, falsehood
Faik, a fold to quit
Fair, to go or pass
Fairdy clever and light
Falsic or Feltle to fail
Fand, fund
Fangs, paws and claws
Fang, to grasp
Fankle, to entangle
Fash or Fasche, to trouble
Fassoun, fashion
Faw, fall
Faws, gets
Fauld or Fund, sold
Faut, fault
Fay, faith
Fazart, a dastard
Fecht, fight
Fecklels, without strength
Fedder, a Father
Fedderem, wings
Feid, feud, hatred
Feidom, fatality
Feilry, subjection
eil, sense, item many
Feit, fear
Feir tight

Fcit or fere, companion

Fcit, bired

Fen, to live

Fenzle, to feign

Ferly, to wonder & wonder

Ferd, fourth

Ferfs, force

Fey, predestinated to death,
or some misfortune

Fcynd, fiend, the devil

Ficht, fight

Fid or Fe a herd of cattle

Fly-fary, hurry confusion

Fifch, fish

Fitch, to move

Flenderis, splinters

Flang, did sting

Flanc, an arrow

Flauchit, a blaze of lightning

Flauchter spade spade for slay-
ing turf.

Flaws, lies, Flaz, to lie

Fleiche, to flatter

Fleim or Fleme, to dance

Flet, did fyld or chide

Floy, to fright

Flit, to remove

Flichter, flutter like a bird

Flocht, flight, fear anxiety

Flyte, chide

Flure, floor

Fog, Moss

Forfain, abused

Forfochien, tired and faint
with fighting

Forleit, is forsake

Forment, opposite to

Forwayit, gave way

Forworthid, worthless

Forlane, alone

Forlopin, vagabond

Forzet, to forget, item for-
gotten

Foller, a forrester, item nurse

Fow, full, item drunk

Fouman, a pole-cat

Fouth, abundance

Frac, from

Fragil, weak, tender, frail

Frank, half

Frawart, cross and ugly

Freiks, impertinent fools

Freid, freedom

Fremit, strange not a kin

Freprie, the rustling or fold
of cloath

Fricht, fright

Fripon, a knave

Frist, to trust or give credit

Frusch, easily broken

Fu, full

Fude, the tail

Fude, food

Fuff, to blow

Fule, fool

Fund found

Furder, to speed them, fur-
ther

Fure, wait on, item forced

Furthy, free in behaviour

Fute, foot

Futher, or fudder, a great
many

Fyrefangt, burnt

Fylock, a young mare

Fyle, defile

Fyke, to be restive

Fyne, fine

G A

GAB, the month
 Gad or Ged, Good
 Gadder, gather
 Gae, go
 Gais, gave
 Gains, serves
 Gair, greedy
 Gait, Gate, Way method item
 goat.
 Gaislings, goslings
 Galziart brisk, jolly, wanton
 Gams, gums
 Gan, began
 Gane, gone, item serve
 Gatie, mouth
 Gang, to go
 Gaunt, to yawn
 Gar to make or oblige
 Gardevyance, a case of in-
 struments
 Garth, a garden or inclo-
 sure
 Gaw, gall
 Gaus, a Laugh
 Gausy, large and fat
 Geck, mock, or cast up the
 head in derision
 Gein, given
 Geir, wealth
 Gemmer, gender
 Gent, gentile
 Genterice, honourable Birth
 Gentileness, clemency
 Genzie, a dart or arrow.
 Gertome, a certain Fine paid
 at the renewing of a Lease

Get, a child
 Ghaist, Ghost
 Gie, give
 Gif, gin, if
 Gild, clamour
 Gilh, guilded
 Gimp, see Jimp
 Gind, to strike
 Girn, to grin, item a trap or
 Snare,
 Girth, a sanctuary
 Glamour, the sight deceived
 Glaih, to pass time idly
 Glar, Myre
 Glave, a sword
 Gle or Glie, mirth
 Gled, a kite
 Gleim, small flame
 Gleid, small spark of fire
 Glen a hollow between moun-
 tains
 Glengost or Grandgore, the
 French pox
 Glour, glory
 Glunschoch, four fellow
 Gloun, to knit too eye brows
 Glour, to stare
 Glava, gloves
 Goldpink, the goldfinch
 Golk or Gowk, the cuckoo
 Glist, to glister
 Gowden, golden
 Gowkit, foolish
 Grape, to grope
 Graif, the grave item grave
 Grain, grane, grone
 Grangis, cornfields, barns and
 Grannaries
 Graith, to make ready, item
 utensils, necessary things
 Graithed, attyred, made ready

Great, big, weep
Grein, to long for earnestly
Greit, weep, item great
Grene, green
Grei, degree
Gres or gers, grass
Grit or greit, great
Gross, oats half ground
Growf, to lay flat on ones belly
Grund, ground
Grundin, sharpened
Gruntil, a sow
Grunzie, snout or nose
Gryce, a pig
Gwairdown, protection
Guiks, expects time foolishly
and delays
Gude or guid, good
Gudes, riches
Guims, guins
Gule, redish yellow
Gule snout, red nose
Guleschoch, the jaundice
Gurlie, furlie
Gyant, giant
Gyde, guide
Gydar, guider
Gymmer, court and enjoy
Gymp, neat, pretty
Gyle or gyle, gyle

H A

H A, ball
Habitiklis, habitacles
Hae, have
Haggles, a kind of pudding
Hailsum, wholesome
Haif, have
Hairns, or Harnis, brains
Hairn or hairy, hairy grey

Hald, hold
Haly, holy
Hals, to salute
Hame, home
Handfelt, the first money that
a merchant gets
Hankit, held with ropes
Hap, hop, item chance
Harle, to drag
Harnist, harnished
Harns, see Halsns
Harfe or Hairs, hoarse
Having, behaviour
Hawkit, white faced
Hawtane, haughty
Heil, Heil, health
Hecht, to promise, a promise
Hecht, named
Heich, beigh
Heilit or heilid, upheld
Heir here, item hear
Heisit, lifted up, hoised
Herbry, harbour
Heryit, spoiled, impoverished
Hether, death
Havin, heaven
Heuch, a rock, a steep hill
Hew, hue
Heynd, quick-clever
Hic, big
Hicht, heights
Hicher, higher
Hidlings, hiding place
Hinn, fustic
Hinnny, honey
Hir, her
Hird, who watches the flocks of
cattle
Hinpland going like one lane
Hitch, to move

L A

L Aggerit, bemired
 Laich, low
 Laid, load
 Laif or lave, the rest
 Lair, learning, item a place
 to ly in
 Laik, to want
 Lains, themselves
 Laip, to lap as a dog
 Laifure, leasure
 Laist, laced
 Laith, loath
 Laithly, lothsome.
 Laits, manners
 Landwart, the country
 Lane loan
 Langout, wearyness
 Lans, a lance
 Lans to dart
 Lap, did leap
 Lartour, wooden
 Lathand, feeble, weak and
 faded.
 Law, low
 Lawtie, honesty, justice
 Lawland, lowland
 Leil or leal, honest
 Leisches, lashed
 Leich, leech or dr.
 Leid, a person, item lan-
 guage
 Leif, leave, item, to live
 Leim or leam, flame
 Leil, honest lawful
 Leis, loves, leis me, it pleases
 me
 Leifings, lies
 Leilt, least

Leir, to learn
 Lemman, courtesan or con-
 cubine.
 Lends, Buttocks
 Lesum, lawful
 Leuch, did laugh
 Lever, rather
 Leur, rather
 Liar or Lyart, haary
 Licht, light item merry
 Licharie, lecher
 Lichtly, undervalue
 Liekmadowps, servile flat-
 terers, that salute like dogs
 Lidder, slow, lazy
 Lie, corn lands untiled for
 some years
 Lio or le, calm
 Lift, the sky
 Ligg, to ly
 Limm, limb
 Limmer, thief and whore
 Limp, to halt
 Lin a precepice where water
 falls
 Linkit, went hastily
 Lippen, depend
 Lipper, leoprous
 Lisk, groin or flank
 Loan, where the cows are
 mi'ked
 Lokar, curled
 Loppin, did leap
 Lore, learning
 Low, flame.
 Lown, a whore or rogue
 Lounger, hanging-beaded
 Loun, calm
 Lowp to leap
 Lowpar, leaper
 Lout, to bow low,
 Luws, loose

Lude, loved
 Lufe, love, hem the palm
 of the hand
 Lufay, gifts
 Luggs, ears
 Luggit, to draw by the ears
 Luid, loved
 Luims, looms
 Luviar, lover
 Luk or Luck, fortune
 Luke or Luik, look
 Lukit or lucken, closed together
 Lum, chimney
 Lunge, to hang downward
 Lunzie, loyne
 Lute, did let
 Lurdane, blockhead, or lazy
 fellow
 Lusehald, a sluggard
 Lyfe, life
 Lyke, like
 Lyking, beloved
 Lymmer a whore and knave
 Lyre, the complexion
 Lyth a joyn.
 Lytit, dyed litted

M A

MAE, moe
 Maheum, the devil
 Maid, made
 Mak, make
 Makkars, Poets
 Malefon, malediction
 Maik, mate or match
 Mailpayers, farmers
 Main or mate, to moan
 Maist, most
 Mair, more
 Man, must

Mait, mate
 Mandrag, mandrake
 Mangit, bruised maimed
 Mankit, wanting
 Mant, to flammer
 Manuil, mantle
 Marrow, fellow or mate
 Mauchs, maggots
 Marn, must
 Mavis, a thrush
 Meckle or meikle, much
 Mell, to meddle or contend
 Mellisnat, sweet flowing
 Melteth, a meal of meat
 Meid or mede, mood, ire
 reward
 Meil, meal.
 Mein or mene mean
 Meis, to still or mitigate
 Meiths, bounds, limits or
 marks
 Mends, amends
 Menzie, company or re-
 tinue
 Mensweir, swear against
 Menfrown, perjured
 Merkand, marking
 Merle, the merlin, a bird
 Messen, a lap dog
 Mete, to measure
 Micht, might
 Midding, dungbill
 Milane, alone
 Minglit, mingled
 Minr, to attempt, to do
 Minny, mother
 Minstrell, musician
 Mirk, or Merk, dark
 Milken, to misknow
 forbear
 Mismade, deformed
 Mister, to need

Mok, to mock
Mold, the ground
Mony, many
Morthor, murder
Mot, may
Mon, mouth
Moud, mouthed.
Mows, jest
Muck, dung
Musa, mood
Munc, moon
Muir or mure a death
Mumting, muttering,
Murderiest murdered
Murgeon, to make signs or
imitate.
Muve or mufe, move
Myce or Myls, mice
Mynd, mind
Mytle, mine
Mynt, to offer or attempt
Mynaion, mignon
Myting, a mice

N A

NA, nae, no
Nains, naner, the Fur-
pose.
Naithing, nothing
Nane, none
Neir, near
Neir, never
Neis, the nose
Neist, next
Neif or nieve, fist
Nek, a term, at cheys, when
the King cannot be guarded
from a check
Nevell, a stroak with the
fist
Nicht, night

Niggarts, niggards
Nocht, nought, frequently for
not.
Noit, Struck on the head
Nold, would not
None, or Nune, none
Noy, annoy
Noyis, noise
Nowther, neither
Nuik or Nuke, neck, cor-
ner
Nurisar, nursing
Nurture, education, item cor-
rection
Nybill, to pike
Nys, nice

O B

OBlisit, obliged
Ocht, ought or ought
Odivill, hateful
Ockerar, an usurer
Oist, host
Ony, any
Opinzion, opinion
Or, before
Orisons, prayers
Ot, of it
Owre, over
Owrefrett, overspread, imbel-
lished
Owrequehelm, everwhelm &c.
all the other owres
Owk, week
Owther, either
Owlen, oven
Oxter, arm pit
Oys, grandchildren

T

- Quaver quiver
 Quene, queen
 Quell, to kill
 Quha, who
 Quhail, whale
 Quheis, whose
 Quhair, where
 Quhat, what
 Quhar rest, what the matter
 Quhail, a whelp
 Quheils, wheels
 Quheit, wheat
 Quhen, when
 Quhene, a part
 Quhilk, which
 Quidder, whither
 Quhip, whip
 Quhittle a knife
 Quhitly, pale and thin
 Quhirl, whirl
 Quhis, whose
 Quhom, whom
 Quhytson, sometime ago
 Quhy, why
 Quhyle, while, item until
 Quhyte white
 Quod, quoth, said
R A
RAE, roe
 Rad or Red, fear
 Rackless or reckless, to go
 carelessly or rash
 Raif, rave did rave
 Raing a circle
 Raik, to go a quick pace
 Raip, a rope
 Raiv, to roar
 Rait, rote
 Rang, rung
 Ranigald, a foolish scold
 Rak, fog, or mist
 Ramand; trying
 Rasch, rash
 Ratches, bounds
 Raw, row
 Rawmond, beardless, simple
 Raucht, reach
 Rax, stretch
 Rebald, a talker of nonsense
 or rebaldry
 Red or reid, to wish, item
 fear
 Redour, fright
 Rehatur, a malicious en-
 my
 Reid, red; item to read
 Reik, smook item to reach
 Reikit, rigged, item smoked
 Reird, noise
 Reist, to dry in a chimney
 Reive or reve, to rob
 Rever a rober
 Renzie, the rein of a bridle
 Reprieve, reprove
 Resave, receive
 Resone or Resoun, reason
 Revers, robbers
 Revers, the covers of which
 the archers shoot
 Rowth, pity
 Rewme, realm
 Rewyme, ruine
 Rew, to take pity, item to
 repent
 Richt, right
 Richt now lastly
 Rift to belch
 Rigg, the back, item a ridge
 Rilling, a shoe made of rough
 untan'd leather

Schell, *shepherd's coat*
 Schene, *winning*
 Schent, *troubled, confounded, spoiled, ruined*
 Schelp, *sheep*
 Scheild, *unbated, item a*
Scheild
 Schilling, *Ment before it is*
fisted
 Schit, *a blasted little creature*
 Schogled, *dangled*
 Sholl, *or she will, or she'll*
 Schog, *to shake*
 Scho, *she*
 Schore *to threat*
 Schot, *shot*
 Schir, *fir*
 Screwis, *furrows*
 Scouke, *hook*
 Schuder *to shiver.*
 Schunc, *hoes*
 Schule, *school*
 Schupa, *made ready, intended*
 Schure, *did beer*
 Scrimp, *scant*
 Scoul, *to look grim, by letting fall the brows*
 Sell, *seal*
 Seil, *happinefs, prosperity*
 Seidly, *comely*
 Sair or Sere, *several*
 Sell, *self*
 Seindle, *foldom*
 Sen, *since*
 Sene, *seen*
 Sens, *sense*
 Sensyne, *since that time*
 Senzie, *signority*
 Senzior, *senior*
 Secoun, *season*
 Serve or sert, *to deserve*

Sets *becomes*
 Seuch, *a furrow or ditch*
 Sey, *to try*
 Scaldit, *burnt*
 Seart, *hermaphrodite*
 Scawie or Scowle, *mingre*
 Scunder, *a qualm to loath*
 Sib, *a tin*
 Sic or sik, *such*
 Sich, *figh*
 Sicht, *figh*
 Sicker, *sure*
 Siller, *silver*
 Sindle, *seldom*
 Single, *a handful of gleaned corns*
 Skull, *to scatter*
 Skairs or Skers, *scarce*
 Skalth, *lost, harm*
 Skapit, *escaped*
 Seant, *scarce*
 Skap, *scalp*
 Skar, *scar*
 Skelf, *self*
 Sklanjer, *scandal*
 Sklender, *skinder*
 Skient, *to go aside, to lie*
 Skonce *to cover, a cover*
 Skoldirt, *parched*
 Skorn, *scorn*
 Skeich, *skittish*
 Skoul, *hang or knit the brows*
 Skink, *to fill drink, item strong broth*
 Skirl, *to cry*
 Skrows, *scrolls*
 Skrudging or Skurging, *scouring.*
 Skurte, *sense*
 Skraip, *scrape*
 Sk ryk, *to screech*

Skagry, in hidlings
 Skulle, hand, baskets
 Skum, skim
 Skyth, loss hurt
 Sla, slay
 Slæ flæ
 Slaif, slave
 Slait, did slit or cut
 Slak, an opening between hills
 Slaw, slow
 Sleik, smooth
 Sleuth, cunning
 Slicht, slight
 Slie, slouth
 Slakin, to quench
 Slogan or Slughorn, a watch-
 word, peculiar to a certain
 name or set of people used
 to know their friends from
 enemies.
 Slouch, a bust
 Smeik, a silly pityfull fellow
 Smeir, besmear
 Smidy, smiths work-house
 Smit, to infect
 Snot, a spot as of grease on
 cloaths
 Smorit, smothered
 Snuke, smook
 Smyt, a small spot
 Smyle, to smile
 Snack, clever
 Sneist, to speak tartly
 Sneir, to snore
 Snell, sharp
 Snift, to shew displeasure by
 disdainful looks
 Snude, a womans beedband
 for binding back the hair
 Soir, fore
 Solace, recreation
 Solist, to solicit
 Sonce or Sonfs, luck hap-
 pinefs

Sonk, a wreath of straw used
 as a cushion, or a load
 saddle
 Sonziet, made excuse
 Seranand, to go about beg-
 ging
 Sould, should
 Sovereane, sovereign
 Soup, sweep
 Sound, smooth
 Spae, to prophecy
 Spae, wane from such
 Spate or Spait, land flood or
 torrent
 Spang, to leap
 Spavie, stiffness in the hams,
 a horse disease
 Spanl, spald, the shoulder
 Speik, to speak
 Spell, to climb
 Spcir, to ask, item a spear
 Spence, the buttery
 Spenzle, spain
 Spill, to spoil
 Spirling, a very small fish
 Sound, smooth
 Spout, a gush
 Sproy, sprigs bushes
 Spring, a tune
 Spulzie, spoil, item to spoil
 Sprent, a spring, to spring as
 a clock
 Spule, a weaver's shuttle
 Squeil squeek
 Spank, a spark of fire
 Spynand, spinning
 Stane, stone
 Stang, sting
 Stakis, pile of corn
 Stall, stole
 Stalwart, robust
 Stakkax, stagger
 Stark, strong

Stay, freight, steep
 Staw, hole
 Steik, to shut
 Steir, stir
 Steend, long stride
 Stern, star
 Stevin, the voice
 Sting or Stang, a pole
 Stirk, a big bull calf
 Stot, bullock, item a Note in music
 Stour, dust in motion
 Stour, throng of battle
 Stoup, prop or pillar
 Stown, stolen
 Staig, young horse
 Strang, strong
 Strae, straw
 Strak, did strike
 Strinkil, to sprinkle
 Strynd, strain, item kindred
 Stalwart, large and strong
 Stalkers, Sturdy beggars
 Stude, Stude
 Study, smith's anvil
 Sturdy, stout, and strong
 Sturt, vexation
 Styme, small fight
 Styppand, benefice
 Styot, to stay or hold
 Sua, so
 Sukkar, Sugar
 Suith or Such, truth
 Suld, should
 Sung sone soon
 Swaph, featured
 Swats, small beer or drop
 Swankies, clever young fellows
 Sum, some
 Salzie, to soil, item, soil, land
 Supone, suppose

Sute, foot
 Suth, truth
 Swaird, the grassy surface the ground
 Swat, did sweat
 Swankie, scuple youngster
 Sweir, lazy, item, to swear
 Sweirnest, laziness
 Swith, bast, bastyle
 Swom swim
 Soun, faint
 Swynygeor, a tall wench
 item, a scoundrel
 Swyth, or swith, soon
 Syis, times
 Syke, a water ditch
 Symmer, summer
 Syne, afterward, then
 Syre, fire, father
 Syle, sorrow

T A

TAE, toe
 Tais, toes
 Tacht, taught
 Tallon, to tallow or grease
 Tald, or Tald, told
 Taid, toad
 Talzior, taylor
 Targats, clasps or buckles
 Targe, a shield
 Tarrow, to refuse
 Tauch, tallow
 Tawfy, little cup
 Taz, a scourge or little whip
 Tedder, a rope or band for horses
 Telzie, a cut of beef
 Tene, anger
 Tent, to notice
 Tough, tough
 Teynd, anger

- Waik, weak, item wait
 Waith, wandred or strayed
 Wakryfe, little inclined to
 sleeping
 Wale, the choice to choise
 Wald, would
 Walop, to galop
 Wallowit, withered
 Waly, large
 Wally-gowdy, great jewel
 Walydraig, a pyrfal crea-
 ture or the most worthless
 of a number
 Wame, womb
 Wan, pale, item want
 Wanfuckit ill warfed
 Wanworth, worbleff
 Wane or wain, house
 Wantlers, vintners gamesters
 Wanruse, uneasy
 Warden, guardian
 Warison, reward
 Wark, work
 Warlo, a wretch
 Warie, to free
 Wate or wait, to know
 Waw, a wall a want
 Wedder, to mortgage
 Well, well
 Weind, supposed
 Weir, war
 Weird, fortune
 Weir, rain, item to wet
 Wen, or wein, to think or sup-
 pose
 Wend, go away
 Weirly, cautiously
 Wypil, wiped or wiped
 Wicht, clever
 Wicht, wight, a person
 Wicker, willow
 Wid, mad
 Widdert, withered
 Widdy or wody, the gallows
 Wie, little
 Widdytow, gallows for
 Widdill, an uneasy restless
 motion
 Will, will
 Willom, wild
 Wimple, to fold back and fore-
 winning, dwelling
 Winnecks, windows
 Wirty, or wordy, worthy
 Wirk, to work
 Wirry, to worry
 Wist, to know
 Wod, a wood
 Won, to dwell
 Wond, dwell
 Wont, thought or supposed
 Wowit, courted
 Wrak, wreck
 Wowf, wolf
 Wow, a note of wonders
 Wraik to vex
 Wraith, the waste
 Wrait, wrote
 Wrang, wrong
 Wrocht, wrought
 Wympler, a curl or wave
 Wylie, cunning
 Wyfe, wife
 Wyfis, wives
 Wyt, to blame, the cause or
 blame
 Wye, wife
 Wye, a tangle of straw or
 the like
 Vaziant, valiant
 Vante, vanity
 Veder, other
 Vender, vender

Venomit, venomous

Vertew, virtue

Vg, to loath

Ugsome, loathsome

Villy, to take a view of

Ulle, oyl

Undocht, one that can do no
thing.

Unfulzart, undefiled

Ungeird, unarmed

Unquilt, unclear or unpaid

Unquilt, unsure

Unquilt, union

Vyce, vice

Vyle, vile

Zamer, to make a grumbling
like a child

Za, ye, than ye

Zell, ye'll

Zellow, yellow

Zeid, went

Zell, ye will

Zell, yield

Zeiv, year

Zelp, zelp, cry like a dog

Zeman, yeaman

Zelwag, yesterday

Zet, yet or gate

Zing, young

Zit, or set, set

Zisterday, yesterday

Zolden, bolden

Zoke, year

Zoukers, youngsters

Zon, you

Zoul, heal

Zouth, youth

Zouthheid, youth head

Zule Christmas

Zung, young

Zyrne, to earn or crude of
new check

YCK, ter

Ydle, idle

Yle, isle

Ynd India

Yre, ire

Yreland, Ireland

Yron, iron

Z A

Z Alp or zap, sharp fit
hungryMUSEUM
BRITAN
NICVM

N. B. Some old Scots Words not explained in this glossary, through inadvertency in collecting and ranging of them, and some few, for which we can plead a better excuse, shall be annexed, with such in the third Volume as are not explained in this, which volume is to be published in a short time consisting chiefly of Satyres and Interludes, wrote by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lyon King at Arms and acted on the Play Green between Leith and Edinburgh, with several other Pieces never before printed,



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The G

Larges

Dumb

Flyting

Dunba

Kenne

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Discre

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Discre

Discre

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